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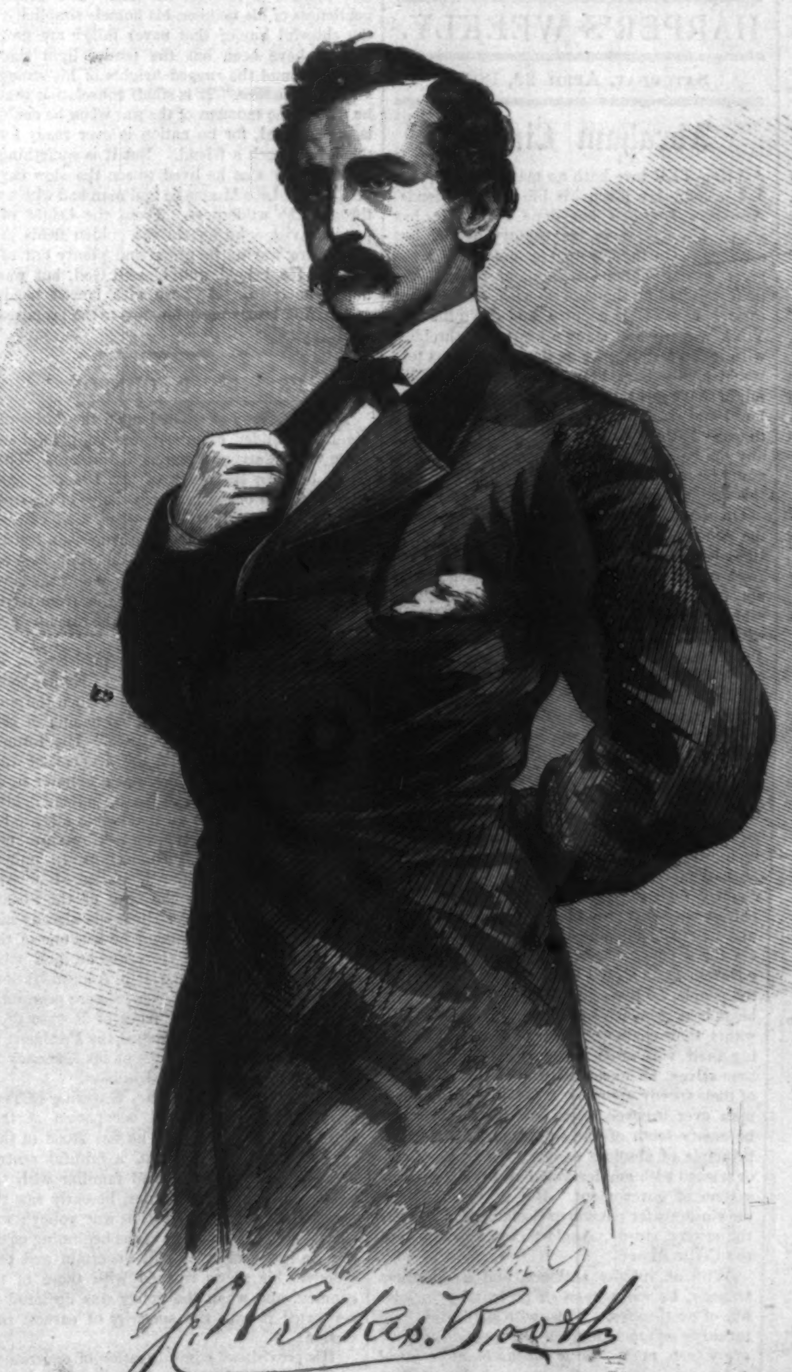
THE MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE Fourteenth of April is a dark day in our country's calendar. On that day four years ago the national flag was for the first time lowered at the bidding of traitors. Upon that day, after a desperate conflict with treason for four long, weary years—a conflict in which the nation had so far triumphed that she breathed again in the joyous prospect of coming peace—her chosen leader was stricken down by the foul hand of the cowardly assassin. Exultation that had known no bounds was exchanged for boundless grief. The record upon which had been inscribed all sorts of violence possible to the most malignant treason that ever sought to poison a nation's heart had been almost written full. But not quite full. Murder had run out its category of possible degrees against helpless loyalists in the South, against women and children whose houses had been burned down over their heads, and against our unfortunate prisoners, who had been tortured and literally starved to death. But there still remained one victim for its last rude stroke—one victim for whom, it was whispered in rebel journals South and North, there was still reserved the dagger of a BRUTUS. Beaten on every field of recognized warfare, treason outdid its very self, and killed our President.

The man who lent himself to traitors for this vile purpose was JOHN WILKES BOOTH, who sold himself, it may be, partly for the pieces of silver, but chiefly for the infamous notoriety attaching to such an act. There was an ancient villain who deliberately purposed to perpetuate the memory of his name among men by an act of awful sacrilege—a sacrilege so striking as never to be forgotten—and he burned the temple of the Ephesian Diana. EROSTRATUS gained his end, and has been remembered accordingly. A memory far more detestable is in store for JOHN WILKES BOOTH, who dared, by the commission of an infinitely greater sacrilege, to bring a whole people to tears.



J. Wilkes Booth

He was the third son born in America of the eminent English tragedian JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH. There were three brothers, JUNIUS BRUTUS, Jun., EDWIN, and JOHN WILKES, all of whom inherited a predilection for the stage. EDWIN, however, is the only one of these who has attained a very eminent position as an actor, and he is probably surpassed by no living man. In justice to him it is proper here to state that he is true and loyal, and exacts our sincerest sympathy. The elder BOOTH, father of these three actors, died thirteen years ago. He passed the quieter portion of his life upon his farm, in Harford County, some thirty miles from Baltimore. JOHN WILKES BOOTH, the murderer, was born in 1839, and is now only twenty-six years of age. He went upon the stage at the early age of seventeen, simply as JOHN WILKES. As stock actor he gained a fair reputation, and afterward assuming his full name, he began a more ambitious career. But, partly on account of his dissolute habits, he never achieved a marked success. He performed chiefly in the South and West. He has appeared but few times before a New York audience. In person he bears considerable resemblance to his father. His eyes are dark and large; his hair of the same color, inclined to curl; his features finely moulded; his form tall, and his address pleasing. He abandoned his profession recently on account of a bronchial affection. It is said that he has frequently threatened to kill President LINCOLN. His companions have been violent Secessionists, and there are doubtless many others involved to a greater or less degree in his crime. The attempt to assassinate Secretary SEWARD was made probably by an accomplice. It is supposed that Secretary STANTON and ANDREW JOHNSON were to have been added to the list of victims. The latter, at least, received on Friday a card from BOOTH, but was not at home.

Those who were acquainted with BOOTH's movements on the fatal Friday say that his manner was restless. He knew that the President and his party intended to be present at Ford's Theatre in the evening. He asked an acquaintance if he should attend the performance, remarking that if he did he would see some unusually fine acting. It was the general expectation that General GRANT would form one of the President's party, and there are many who suppose that a blow was intended for him as well as the President. The latter had passed the day in the usual manner. In the morning his son, Capt. ROBERT LINCOLN, breakfasted with him.—The Captain had just returned from the capitulation of LEE, and the President listened with great interest to his narration of the detailed circumstances. After breakfast he conversed for an hour with Speaker COLFAX about his future policy as to the rebellion which he was about to submit to his Cabinet. At 11 o'clock the Cabinet met. Both the President and General GRANT were present. Having spent the afternoon with Governor OGLESBY, Senator YATES, and other leading citizens of his State, he went to the theatre in the evening with Mrs. LINCOLN, in order to unite in the general expression of popular joy for our late victories. The party consisted of Mrs. Senator HARRIS and daughter, and Major HENRY RATHBONE, of Albany. They arrived at ten minutes before nine o'clock, and occupied a private box overlooking the stage. The play for the evening was *The American Cousin*.

BOOTH came upon his errand at about 10 o'clock. He left his horse in charge at the rear of the theatre, and made his way to the President's box. This box is a double one, in the second tier at the left of the stage. When occupied by the Presidential party the separating partition is removed, and the two boxes are thus thrown into one. We give an accurate plan of the box on page 259.—According to Major RATHBONE's statement, the assassin must have made his preparations in the most deliberate manner beforehand. Of this fact there are at least four proofs, as we shall see: Stealthily approaching the dark passage-way leading to the box, BOOTH, after having effected an entrance, closed the hall-door, and then, taking a piece of board which he had prepared for the occasion, placed one end of it in an indentation excavated in the wall, about four feet from the floor, and the other against the moulding of the door-panel a few inches higher. He thus made it impossible for any one to enter from without; and securing himself against intrusion in that direction, he proceeded to the doors of the box. There were two of these. Here also the villain had carefully provided beforehand the means by which he might, unnoticed himself, observe the position of the parties inside. With a gimlet, or small bit, he had bored a hole in the door-panel, which he afterward reamed out with his knife, so as to leave it a little larger than a buck-shot on the inside, while on the other side it was sufficiently large to give his eye a wide range. To secure against the doors being locked (they both had spring-locks), he had loosened the screws with which the bolt-hasps were fastened. In regard to the next stage of Booth's movements there is some degree of uncertainty. He had been noticed as he passed through the dress-circle by a Mr. Ferguson, who was sitting on the opposite side of the theatre. This man knew Booth, and recognized him. He had been talking with him a short time before. Ferguson states that when Booth reached the door of the corridor leading from the dress-circle to the boxes he halted, "took off his hat, and, holding it in his left hand, leaned against the wall behind him." After remaining thus for the space of half a minute, "he stepped down one step, put his hand on the door of the little corridor leading to the box, bent his knee against it," when the door opened and Booth entered. After his entrance to the corridor he was of course invisible to Ferguson, and, before the fatal shot, was probably seen by no one but the sentry at the door of the corridor. The latter he is said to have passed on the plea that the President had sent for him. What passed before the shot is only conjecturable. He made his observations, doubtless, through the aperture in the door provided for that purpose. And here we come upon another proof of a deliberately-prepared plan. The very seats in the box had been arranged to suit his purpose, either by himself or, as is more likely, by some attaché of the theatre in complicity with him. The President sat in the left-hand corner of the box, nearest the audience, in an easy arm-chair. Next him, on the right, sat Mrs. Lincoln. Some distance to the right of both Miss Harris was seated, with Major Rathbone at her left and a little in the rear of Mrs. Lincoln. Booth rapidly surveyed the situation. The play had reached the second scene of the third act. Mrs. Lincoln, intent on the play, was leaning forward, with one hand resting on her husband's knee. The President was leaning upon one hand, and with the other was adjusting a portion of the drapery, his face wearing a pleasant smile as it was partially turned to the audience. As to the act of assassination, there are two conflicting statements. According to one, Booth fired through the door at the left, which was closed. But this seems to have been unnecessary; and it is far more probable that he entered rapidly through the door at the right, and the next moment fired. The ball entered just behind the President's left ear, and though not producing instantaneous death completely obliterated all consciousness.

Major Rathbone hearing the report, saw the assassin about six feet distant from the President, and encountered him; but Booth shook off his grasp. The latter had dropped his weapon—an ordinary pocket-pistol—and had drawn a long glittering knife, with which he inflicted a wound upon the Major; and then, resting his left hand upon the railing, vaulted over easily to the stage, eight or nine feet below. As he passed between the folds of the flag decorating the box, his spur, which he wore on the right heel, caught the drapery and brought it down. He crouched as he fell, falling upon one knee, but quickly gained an upright position, and staggered in a theatrical manner across the stage, brandishing his knife, and shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" He made his exit by the "tormentor" on the opposite side of the stage, passing Miss Keene as he went out. The villain succeeded in making his escape without arrest. In this he was probably assisted by accomplices and by Mosby's guerillas.

The President was immediately removed to the house of Mr. Peterson, opposite the theatre, where he died at twenty-two minutes past seven the next morning, never having recovered his consciousness since the fatal shot. In his last hours he was attended by his wife and his son Robert, and prominent members of his Cabinet. His death has plunged the nation into deepest mourning, but his spirit still animates the people for whom he died.

A DIRGE.

Lower the starry flag
Amid a sovereign people's lamentation
For him the honored ruler of the nation;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd
Slowly and mournfully in every steeple,
Let them make known the sorrow of the people;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag,
And let the solemn, sorrowing anthem, pealing,
Sound from the carven choir to fretted ceiling;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd,
And let the mournful organ music, rolling,
Tune with the bells in every steeple tolling;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag;
The nation's honored chief in death is sleeping,
And for our loss our eyes are wet with weeping;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
His honest, manly heart has ceased its beating,
His lips no more shall speak the kindly greeting;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag;
No more shall sound his voice in scorn of error,
Filling the traitor's heart with fear and terror;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
He reverenced the gift which God has given,
Freedom to all, the priceless boon of Heaven,
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag;
His dearest hopes were wedded with the nation,
He valued more than all the land's salvation;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
His name shall live on History's brightest pages,
His voice shall sound through Time's remotest ages;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

A NATION'S GRIEF.

Ah! Grief doth follow fast on Victory!
The victors' shout is lost in silence, deep—
Too deep for our poor human utterance.
The jubilant flags that only yesterday
Were the bright heralds of a nation's gain,
Now droop at half-mast for her woeful loss.
Our foremost Hero fallen, sore at heart we lie
Prostrate, in tears, at our dear Lincoln's grave!

The dust of our great Leader, kissed to rest,
And folded to our hearts, is there inurned,
Beyond the breath of scandal, in sweet peace.
Wounded with his wound, our hearts receive
The mantle of his spirit as it flies.
His words remain to us our sacred Law:
Do we not hear them from the Capitol?—
"Malice toward none, with charity for all!"*

The blow at Sumter touched us not so much
With grief, or awe of treason, as this last—
This cruelest thrust of all at *his* dear head,
Which with spent rage the baffled serpent aimed.
It is the world's old story, told again,
That they who bruise the serpent's venomed head
Must bear, even as Christ did, its last foul sting,
Taking the Saviour's Passion with His Crown!

* "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—*Last Words of President Lincoln's Second Inaugural.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 29, 1865.

Abraham Lincoln.

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Abraham Lincoln has done that. He has sealed his service to his country by the last sacrifice. On the day that commemorates the great sorrow which Christendom reveres, the man who had no thought, no wish, no hope but the salvation of his country, laid down his life. Yet how many and many a heart that throbbed with inexpressible grief as the tragedy was told would gladly have been stilled forever if his might have beat on. So wise and good, so loved and trusted, his death is a personal blow to every faithful American household; nor will any life be a more cherished tradition, nor any name be longer and more tenderly beloved by this nation, than those of Abraham Lincoln.

On the 22d of February, 1861, as he raised the American flag over Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, he spoke of the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not only to this country, but, "I hope," he said, "to the world for all future time." Then, with a solemnity which the menacing future justified, and with a significance which subsequent events revealed, he added, "But if this country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon this spot than surrender it." The country has been saved by cleaving to that principle, and he has been assassinated for not surrendering it.

Called to the chief conduct of public affairs at a time of the greatest peril, he came almost unknown, but he brought to his great office a finer comprehension of the condition of the country than the most noted statesmen of all parties, and that sure instinct of the wiser popular will which made him the best of all leaders for a people about to maintain their own government in a civil war. Himself a child of the people, he lived and died their friend. His heart beat responsive to theirs. He knew their wants, their character, their powers, and knowing their will often better than they knew it themselves, he executed it with the certainty of their speedy approval. No American statesman ever believed more heartily than he the necessary truth of the fundamental American principle of absolute equality before the laws, or trusted with ampler confidence the American system of government. But he loved liberty too sincerely for passion or declamation. It was the strong, sturdy, Anglo-Saxon affection, not the Celtic frenzy.

With an infinite patience, and a dauntless tenacity, he was a man of profound principles but of no theories. This, with his insight and intuitive appreciation of the possibilities of every case, made him a consummate practical statesman. He saw farther and deeper than others because he saw that in the troubled time upon which he was cast little could be wholly seen. Experience so vindicated his patriotic sagacity that he acquired a curious ascendency in the public confidence; so that if good men differed from his opinion they were inclined to doubt their own. Principle was fixed as a star, but policy must be swayed by the current. While many would have dared the fierce fury of the gale and have sunk the ship at once, he knew that there was a time to stretch every inch of canvas and a time to lay to. He was not afraid of "drifting." In statesmanship prudence counts for more than daring. Thus it happened that some who urged him at the beginning of the war to the boldest measures, and excused what they called his practical faithlessness by his probable weakness, lived to feel the marrow of their bones melt with fear, and to beg him to solicit terms that would have destroyed the nation. But wiser than passion, more faithful than fury, serene in his devotion to the equal rights of men without which he knew there could henceforth be no peace in this country, he tranquilly persisted, enduring the impatience of what seemed to some his painful delays and to others his lawless haste; and so, trusting God and his own true heart, he fulfilled his great task so well that he died more tenderly lamented than any ruler in history.

His political career, from his entrance into the Illinois Legislature to his last speech upon the Louisiana plan of reconstruction, is calmly consistent both in the lofty humanity of its aim and the good sense of its method, and our condition is the justification of his life. For the most malignant party opposition in our history crumbled before his spotless fidelity; and in his death it is not a party that loses a head, but a country that deplores a father. The good sense, the good humor, the good heart of Abraham Lincoln gradually united the Democracy that despised the "sentimentality of abolitionism," and the abolitionism that abhorred the sneering inhumanity of "Democracy," in a practical patriotism that has saved the country.

No one who personally knew him but will now feel that the deep, furrowed sadness of his face seemed to forecast his fate. The genial gentleness of his manner, his homely simplicity, the cheerful humor that never failed are now seen to have been but the tender light that played around the rugged heights of his strong and noble nature. It is small consolation that he dies at the moment of the war when he could best be spared, for no nation is ever ready for the loss of such a friend. But it is something to remember that he lived to see the slow day breaking. Like Moses he had marched with us through the wilderness. From the height of patriotic vision he beheld the golden fields of the future waving in peace and plenty out of sight. He beheld and blessed God, but was not to enter in. And we with bowed heads and aching hearts move forward to the promised land.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

No President has entered upon the duties of his office under circumstances so painful as those which surround Andrew Johnson. The pause between the death of Mr. Lincoln and the indication of the probable course of his successor is profoundly solemn. But there can be but one emotion in every true American heart, and that is, the most inflexible determination to support President Johnson, who is now the lawful head of a great nation emerging from terrible civil war, and entering upon the solemn duty of pacification.

Andrew Johnson, like his predecessor, is emphatically a man of the people. He has been for many years in public life, and when the war began he was universally hailed as one of the truest and sturdiest of patriots. His former political association with the leaders of the Southern policy, his position as a Senator from a most important border State, indicated him to the conspirators as an invaluable ally, if he could be seduced to treason. If we are not misinformed, John C. Breckinridge undertook this task; and how he failed—how Andrew Johnson upon the floor of the Senate denounced treason and traitors—is already historical. From that moment he was one of the firmest friends of the Government, and most ardent supporters of the late Administration. His relations with Mr. Lincoln were peculiarly friendly; and when the news of Rosecrans's victory at Mill Spring reached the President at midnight, he immediately sent his secretary to tell the good news to Mr. Johnson.

He was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee upon the national occupation of that State, and for three years he has stood in that exposed point at the front, a faithful sentry. Formerly a slaveholder, and familiar with the public opinion of the border, he early saw the necessity of the emancipation war policy; and although in his addresses at the beginning of the war he spoke of it as still uncertain and prospective, his views ripened with those of the country, and when the policy was declared he supported it with the sincerity of earnest conviction.

His provisional administration of government in Tennessee, which was for some time debatable ground, was firm and faithful. By the necessity of the case he was the object of the envenomed hostility of the rebels and the bitterest opposition of the enemies of the Administration. The most serious charge of his exercise of arbitrary power was the severe oath as a qualification for voting which Governor Johnson approved before the Presidential election. When the remonstrants appealed to President Lincoln, he replied that he was very sure Governor Johnson would do what was necessary and right. And while the opposition at the North was still loudly denouncing, Jefferson Davis, in one of his furious speeches in Georgia, after the fall of Atlanta, declared that there were thirty thousand men in Tennessee eager to take up arms the moment the rebel army appeared in the State. It was to prevent those thirty thousand from doing by their votes what they were ready to do by their arms that the oath was imposed. Jefferson Davis furnished the amplest justification for the action of Governor Johnson. President Lincoln was reproached for the too conciliatory character of his "Border State policy." Let it not be forgotten that at the time when he was thought to be too much influenced by it he appointed Mr. Johnson Governor of Tennessee. That Governor Johnson's course in the State was approved by the unconditional loyal men there is shown by the adoption of the new free constitution and the opening of the new era under the administration of Governor Brownlow.

Of a more ardent temperament than Mr. Lincoln, whose passionless patience was sublime, Mr. Johnson has had a much sharper personal experience of the atrocious spirit of this rebellion. He has seen and felt the horrors of which we have only heard. The great guilt of treason is vividly present to his mind and memory, and his feeling toward the leaders who are morally responsible for this wasting war is one of stern hostility.

But the Governor of Tennessee in a most critical period of civil war is now President of the United States at a time when the war in the field is ending and the peace of a whole country is to be secured. What is the great truth that confronts him at the opening of his new career? It is that the policy of his predecessor had been so approved by the mind and heart of the country, had so disarmed hostility and melted prejudice, that the spirit of that policy has almost the sanctity of prescription.

That President Johnson will so regard it we have the fullest confidence. That what every loyal man sees, so strong and devoted a patriot as he will fail to see, is not credible. That the successor of Abraham Lincoln will adopt a policy of vengeance is impossible. Of the leading traitors, as he said a fortnight since, he holds that the punishment should be that which the Constitution imposes. "And on the other hand," he added, "to the people who have been deluded and misled I would extend leniency and humanity, and an invitation to return to the allegiance they owe to the country." These are not the words of passion, but of humanity and justice. They express what is doubtless the conviction of the great multitude of loyal citizens of the country. With a modest appeal for the counsel and assistance of the gentlemen who were the advisers of Mr. Lincoln, and with calm reliance upon God and the people, he addresses himself to his vast responsibilities amidst the hopes and prayers and confidence of his country.

MR. SEWARD.

The bloody assault upon Secretary Seward, a "chivalric" blow struck at a man of sixty-five lying in his bed with a broken arm, has shown the country how precious to it is the life of a man who has been bitterly traduced by many of his former political friends since the war began. Before the shot was fired at Sumter, Mr Seward tried by some form of negotiation to prevent the outbreak of civil war. He was then —does Mr. Horace Greeley remember?—assailed with insinuations of treachery. Will Mr. Horace Greeley inform us how it was treacherous to try to prevent the war by negotiation with intending rebels, if, while the war was raging, it was patriotic to urge negotiation with rebels in arms? Will he also tell us whether it was more disloyal to the Union to recognize American citizens not yet in rebellion, or after they had slain thousands and thousands of brave men in blood and torture to call them "eminent Confederates?" Will he teach us why Mr. Seward was to be held up to public suspicion because he communicated with Judge Campbell and recommended Mr. Harvey as Minister to Portugal, while Mr. Greeley calls one of the basest panders to this scourging war, a man who does his fighting by sending criminals from Canada to burn down theatres and hotels in New York full of women and children, "a distinguished American" of the other party in our civil war?

For four years Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, has defended this country from one of the most constantly threatening perils, that of foreign war. His name in England is not beloved. But seconded by his faithful lieutenant, Mr. Adams, he has maintained there the honor of the American name, and persistently asserted the undiminished sovereignty of the Government of the United States. In France, with the cool, clear, upright man who so fitly represented the simplicity and honesty of a popular Government, he has managed our relations with a skill that has protected us from most serious complications in Mexico. Engaged with the most unscrupulous and secret of modern diplomatists, Louis Napoleon, he has with admirable delicacy of skill prevented his interference in our domestic affairs. His dispatches have been free from bluster or timidity. They all show, what his life illustrates, a perfect serenity of faith in the final success of free institutions and the strength of a popular Government.

Like every man in the country, Mr. Seward has been taught by the war. None of us are the same. The views of every man have been modified. The course of some organs of public opinion—of the New York *Tribune*, for instance—is wonderful and incredible to contemplate. There have been times when Mr. Seward was thought by some to be a positive hindrance to the war, a nightmare in the Cabinet. The Senate, with questionable friendship to the country, upon one occasion is understood to have asked his removal. But the President could ill spare so calm a counselor and so adroit a statesman. That they often differed is beyond dispute, but the President knew the sagacity and experience of the Secretary, and the Secretary said the President was the best man he ever knew.

Such was the confidence and mutual respect of the relation between them that the country will regard Mr. Seward's continuance in the Cabinet as a sign of the perpetuity of the spirit of President Lincoln's policy. Meanwhile, that he and his son, the able and courteous Assistant Secretary, lie grievously smitten by the blow that wrings the heart of the nation, a tender solicitude will wait upon their recovery. William Henry Seward has too faithfully and conspicuously served human liberty not to have earned a blow from the assassin hand of slavery. The younger generation of American citizens who, in their first manhood, followed his bugle-call into the ranks of those who strove against the infamous power whose dying throes have struck life from the President and joy from a triumphing nation, will not forget how valiant and beneficent his service has been, nor suffer the name so identified with the truest political instruction of this country to be long obscured by the clouds of calumny.

GREAT PAN IS DEAD.

The New York *Tribune*, in a late issue, after reprinting the infamous rebel offer of a reward of a million of dollars for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Seward, says: "Such facts and the corresponding editorials of the rebel journals countenance the popular presumption that the late murderous outrages in Washington were incidents of a comprehensive plot whereto the rebel leaders were privy. The burglarious raid on St. Albans, the attempts simultaneously to fire our great hotels, and other acts wholly out of the pale of civilized warfare, tend to strengthen this conviction."

In the next column the Editor speaks of the men who plotted the raid and the arson as "certain distinguished Americans" [illegible] the other "party to our civil war."

Does not the editor of the *Tribune* see that nothing can more profoundly demoralize the public mind than to call the men who plot arson and massacre "distinguished Americans?" Abraham Lincoln and George Washington were distinguished Americans. Has the editor no other epithets for George N. Sanders and Jacob Thompson and Clement C. Clay? Is there no such thing as crime? Are there no criminals? Is the assassin of the President a man impelled by "the conflict of ideas" to a mistaken act? Is there no treason? Are there no traitors? Does the editor of the *Tribune* really suppose that because it is not the wish nor the duty of the American people to visit the penalty of treason upon every man at the South who has been in rebellion, it is therefore the duty of wise and honest men to invite Jefferson Davis and Wigfall into the Senate of the United States, or Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, and Joe Johnston into the army?

The Editor of the *Tribune* may bow down to the ground and grovel before "eminent Confederates;" but it is not from them that the pacification of the South is to proceed. The first step in peace is to emancipate the *people* of the South from their servile dependence upon the class of "gentlemen" which has first deluded and then ruined them. How can it be done if we affect that respect which no honest man can feel? If there is one suffering Union man in Alabama who has been outlawed and hunted and starved, who has lain all day cowering in swamps and woods, and at night has stolen out and crept for food to the faithful slaves upon the plantations—who has seen his house destroyed, his children murdered, his wife dishonored—who has endured every extremity of suffering, and still believed in God and the flag of his country—and who now, following Wilson's liberating march, has come safely to our lines at Mobile—if there be one such man, who knows that his cruel agony and the waste and desolation of his land have come from "the leaders" of his section, and sees that when they are worsted in battle it is the Editor of the New York *Tribune* who hastens to fall prostrate before the meanest of them and salute them as "distinguished Americans" and "eminent Confederates," it is easy to believe that such a man should be overwhelmed with dismay as he contemplates the hopeless postponement of pacification which such a spectacle reveals.

Exactly that base subservience to the arrogance of a slaveholding class which has enabled that class to seduce and betray the people of their States is reproduced in the tone of the editor of the *Tribune* when speaking of it. Is Jefferson Davis a "distinguished American?" Is he any more so than Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold? No men despise such fawning more than those it is intended to propitiate. It is not by such men as Jacob Thompson and Clement C. Clay and Hunter and Benjamin and Semmes, it is by men unknown and poor, by men who have seen what comes of following the counsels of the "leaders," by men who have been tried by blood and fire in this sharp war that peace is to come out of the South. The men whom the editor of the *Tribune* calls by names that justly belong only to our best and dearest are the assassins of the nation and of human liberty. They would have wrought upon the nation the same crime that was done upon the President. They would have murdered the country in its own innocent blood. Not from them comes regeneration and peace. Let them fly.

But from the long-abused, the blinded, the down-trodden, the forgotten, the despised—from the real people of the South, whom riches and ease and luxury and cultivation and idleness and all worldly gifts and graces sitting in high places, drugged with sophistries, and seduced with blandishments, and threatened with terrors, and besotted with prejudice, and degraded with ignorance, and ground into slavery—these, all of them, white and black as God made them, are the seed of the new South, long pressed into the ground, and now about to sprout and grow and blossom jubilantly with peace and prosperity. Old things have passed away. The Editor of the *Tribune* is still flattering the priests whose power has gone. Great Pan is dead. Why should one of the earliest Christians swing incense before him?

THE FLAG ON SUMTER.

The old flag floats again on Sumter! Four years ago it was the hope, the prayer, the vow of the American people. To-day the vow is fulfilled. The hand of him who defended it against the assault of treason, of him who saluted it sadly as he marched his little band away, now, with all the strength of an aroused and regenerated nation supporting him, raises it once more to its place, and the stars that have still shone on undimmed in our hearts now shine tranquilly in triumph, and salute the earth and sky with the benediction of peace.

To be called to be the orator of a nation upon such a day was an honor which might have oppressed any man. To have spoken for the nation at such a moment, worthily, adequately, grandly, is the glory of one man. It will not be questioned that Mr. Beecher did so. His oration is of the noblest spirit and the loftiest eloquence. It is in the highest degree picturesque and powerful. Certainly it was peculiarly fit that a man, fully inspired by the eternal truth that has achieved the victory, should hail, in the name of equal liberty, the opening of the era which is to secure it.

Even amidst the wail of our sorrow its voice will be heard and its tone will satisfy. Even in our heart's grief we can feel the solemn thrill of triumph that the flag which fell in weakness is raised in glory and power.

THE FOLLY OF CRIME.

Every stupendous crime is an enormous blunder. The blow that has shocked the nation exasperates it, and in killing Abraham Lincoln the rebels have murdered their best friend. His death can not change the event of the war. It has only united the loyal people of the country more closely than ever, and disposed them to a less lenient policy toward the rebellion. Whatever the intention or hope of the murder, whether it were the result of a matured plot or the act of a band of ruffians, whether it were dictated by the rebel chiefs or offered to their cause as a voluntary assistance by the hand that struck the blow, the effect is the same—a more intense and inflexible vow of the nation that the rebellion shall be suppressed and its cause exterminated.

There is no crime so abhorrent to the world as the assassination of a public man. Even when he is unworthy, the method of his death at once ameliorates the impression of his life. But when he is a good and wise man, when he is spotless and beloved, the infamy is too monstrous for words. There is but one assassin whom history mentions with toleration and even applause, and that is Charlotte Corday. But her act was a mistake. It ended the life of a monster, but it did not help the people, and she who might have lived to succor and save some victim of Marat, became, after his death, Marat's victim. All other assassins, too, have more harmed their cause than helped it. Their pleas of justification are always confounded by the event. That plea, where it has any dignity whatever, is the riddance of the world of a bad or dangerous man whose life can not be legally taken. It is to punish a despot—to bring low a tyrant. But the heart recoils whatever the excuse, the instinct of mankind curses the assassin.

In our own grievous affliction there is one lesson which those who directly address public opinion would do well to consider. Party malignity in the Free States during the war has not scrupled to defame the character of Mr. Lincoln. He has been denounced as a despot, as a usurper, as a man who arbitrarily annulled the Constitution, as a magistrate under whose administration all the securities of liberty, property, and even life, were deliberately disregarded and imperiled. Political hostility has been inflamed into hate by the assertion that he was responsible for the war, and that he had opened all the yawning graves and tumbled the bloody victims in. This has been done directly and indirectly, openly and cunningly. In a time of necessarily profound and painful excitement, to carry a party point, the political opponents of Mr. Lincoln have said or insinuated or implied that he had superseded the laws and had made himself an autocrat. If any dangerous plot has been exposed, these organs of public opinion had sneered at it as an invention of the Administration. If theatres and hotels full of men, women, and children were to be wantonly fired, the friends of the Administration were accused of cooking up an excitement. If bloody riots and massacres occurred, they were extenuated, and called "risings of the people," as if in justifiable vengeance, and as if the oppression of the Government had brought them upon itself.

This appeal has been made in various ways and in different degrees. A great convention intimated that there was danger that the elections would be overborne by Administration bayonets. Judge Comstock, formerly of the Court of Appeals in this State, addressing a crowd in Union Square, declared that if a candidate for the Presidency should be defrauded of his election by military interference he would be borne into the White House by the hands of the people. Of the Administration thus accused of the basest conceivable crimes Abraham Lincoln was the head. If there were a military despotism in the country, as was declared, he was the despot. If there were a tyranny, he was the tyrant.

Is it surprising that somebody should have believed all this, that somebody should have said, if there is a tyranny it can not be very criminal to slay the tyrant, and that working himself up to the due frenzy he should strike the blow? When it was struck, when those kind eyes that never looked sternly upon a human being closed forever, and the assassin sprang forward and cried, *Sic semper tyrannis*, was it not a ghastly commentary upon those who had not scrupled to teach that he *was* a tyrant who had annulled the law?

The lesson is terrible. Let us hope that even party-spirit may be tempered by this result of its natural consequence.

A SUGGESTION FOR A MONUMENT.

It is very possible that the great affection of the people of the United States for their late President will lead to a general desire to erect some national monument to his memory. Should this be so, there is one suggestion which will doubtless occur to many besides ourselves. It is that no mere marble column or memorial pile shall be reared, but that the heart-offerings of the people shall be devoted to the erection of a military hospital, to be called the Lincoln Hospital, for soldiers and sailors—a retreat for the wounded and permanently invalid veterans of the war. When, in the happier days that are coming, the wards shall be relieved of the lingering monuments of the contest, the foundation would remain for the public benefit. The soldiers and sailors had no more tender and faithful friend than Abraham Lincoln. He never forgot them; nor did he fail always to pay to them in his public addresses the homage which his heart constantly cherished. To a man of his broad and generous humanity no monument could be so appropriate as a Hospital.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR SUCCESSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

General Stoneman captured Salisbury, North Carolina, on the 12th inst., securing 1165 prisoners, 19 pieces of artillery, 1000 small-arms, and eight stands of colors. The plunder found there was enormous, embracing 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 1000 shells, 60,000 pounds of powder, 75,000 suits of clothing, 35,000 army blankets, with large quantities of bacon, salt, sugar, rice, wheat, and 7000 bales of cotton. All that was not immediately available was destroyed. Stoneman's raid in East Tennessee and North Carolina has been one of the most important and destructive of the war. He has burned half a hundred important bridges, destroyed about 100 miles of track, captured trains, burned dépôts, and played the mischief generally with secesh property.

The next day after the capture of Salisbury Sherman occupied Raleigh, with but little resistance. Governor Vance was taken by our cavalry on the same day. It is said that he was deputed by Johnston to surrender the State, but the power was afterward withdrawn. It is reported that Jeff Davis had joined Johnston at Hillsborough, and was still with him.

CAPTURE OF MOBILE.

Mobile was captured by the national forces on the 12th of April.

On the 20th of March the Sixteenth Corps, under General A. J. Smith, left Dauphin on twenty transports, accompanied by gun-boats, and proceeded up an arm of Mobile Bay to the mouth of Fish River, where the troops were landed at Dauley's Mills. The Thirteenth Corps, under General Granger, left Fort Morgan, and on the 21st of March went into camp on the left of Smith, resting its left wing on Mobile Bay. Three days afterward this corps was followed by General Knipe with 6000 cavalry. On the 25th the Federal line was pushed forward so as to extend from Alabama City on the bay to Deer Park. The first point of attack was Spanish Fort, which is directly opposite Mobile, and is the latest built and strongest of the defenses of that city. It guards the eastern channel of the bay. On the 27th the bombardment commenced. In the mean time the Monitors and gun-boats were laboring hard to overcome the obstructions. They had succeeded so far that the Monitors *Milwaukee*, *Winnebago*, *Kickapoo*, and the Monitor ram *Osage* moved in line to attack at 3 P.M. An hour afterward a torpedo exploded under the *Milwaukee*, and she immediately filled and sunk in eleven feet of water. There were no casualties. There was steady firing all night and the next day. At about 2 o'clock P.M. on the 29th a torpedo struck the port bow of the *Osage* and exploded, tearing away the plating and timbers, killing two men and wounding several others.

We give on page 268 an engraving illustrating the nature of the torpedoes found in the Bay. Those given in the sketch are those with the mushroom-shaped anchor. The slightest pressure causes explosion.

On the 8th of April an extraordinary force was brought to bear upon Spanish Fort. Twenty-two Parrott guns were got within half a mile of the work, while other powerful batteries were still nearer. Two gun-boats joined in the tremendous cannonade. The result was that the fort surrendered a little after midnight. Fort Alexandria followed, and the guns of these two were turned against Forts Tracy and Huger, in the harbor, at the mouth of the Blakely and Appalachee rivers. But these had already been abandoned. The Monitors then went busily to work removing torpedoes, and ran up to within shelling distance of the city.

Shortly after the capture of Spanish Fort, intelligence of the capture and the fall of Richmond was read to the troops, in connection with orders to attack Fort Blakely.

Several batteries of artillery, and large quantities of ammunition were taken with the fort, besides 2400 prisoners. Our loss in the whole affair was much less than 2000 killed and wounded, and none missing.

Seven hundred prisoners were taken with Spanish Fort. Mobile was occupied by the national forces on the 12th.

In the mean time General Wilson, with a formidable force of cavalry, had swept through the State of Alabama. He left Eastport about the 20th of March, and advanced in two columns, each of which, at about the same time, fought Forrest's cavalry, one at Marion and the other at Plantersville, which were respectively situated about 20 miles northwest and northeast of Selma. On the afternoon of April 2 Selma was captured, with 22 guns, and all the immense Government works, arsenals, rolling-mills, and foundries at that place were destroyed. It is probable that Montgomery was also captured, but later than the capture of Selma we have no details.

MOURNING IN RICHMOND.

Roger A. Pryor stated in Petersburg that he believed Mr. Lincoln indispensable to the restoration of peace, and regretted his death more than any military mishap of the South. He and the Mayor placed themselves at the head of a movement for a town meeting to deplore the loss on both private and public grounds. General Lee at first refused to hear the details of the murder. A Mr. Suite and another gentleman waited upon him on Sunday night with the particulars. He said that when he dispossessed himself of the command of the rebel forces he kept in mind President Lincoln's benignity, and surrendered as much to the latter's goodness as to Grant's artillery. The General said that he regretted Mr. Lincoln's death as much as any man in the North, and believed him to be the epitome of magnanimity and good faith.

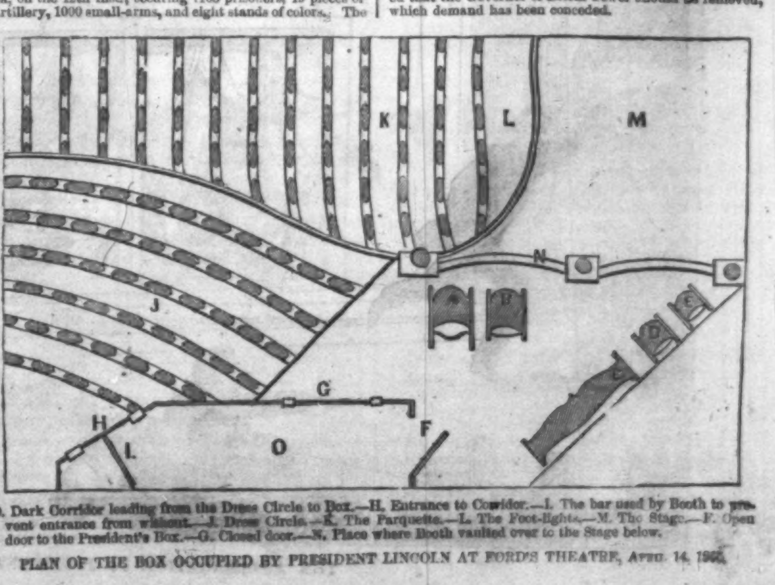
ARREST OF SEWARD'S ASSASSIN.

A man was arrested on the 18th in Baltimore who is supposed to have been the assassin of Secretary Seward. He was recognized as such by the negro servant and Miss Fanny Seward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

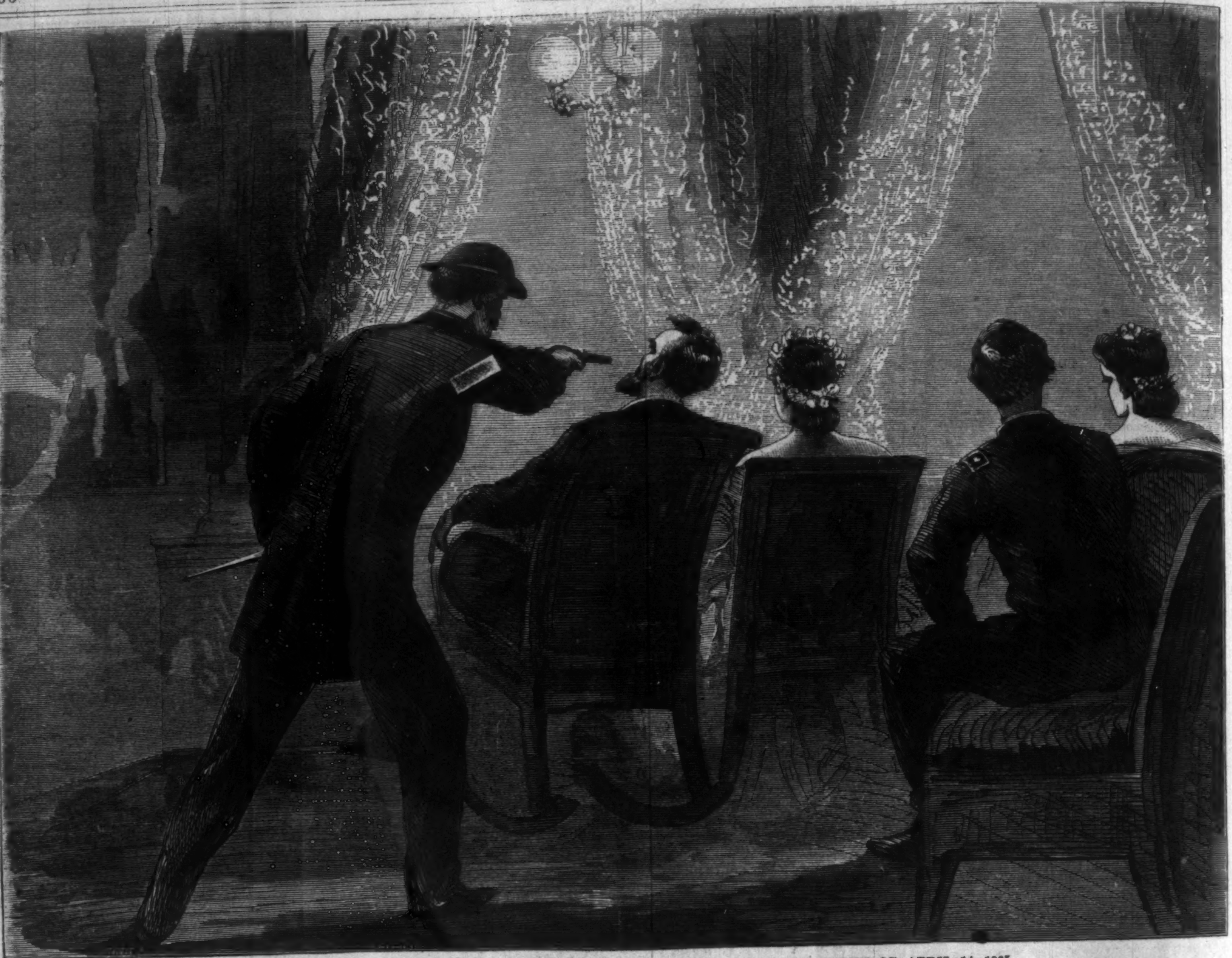
THE REBEL RAM "STONEWALL."

The rebel ram *Stonewall* left Lisbon, Portugal, on the 28th of March, having been ordered away by the Portuguese authorities. The national steamers *Niagara* and *Sacramento* were forbidden to leave until twenty-four hours should have elapsed. These two vessels, about four hours after the *Stonewall* left, weighed anchor and moved toward the bar. The commander of the Belem Tower then fired upon them, considerably injuring the *Niagara*. The captains stated that they were only changing their anchorage-ground, and our consul at Lisbon has demanded that the Governor of Belem Tower should be removed, which demand has been conceded.

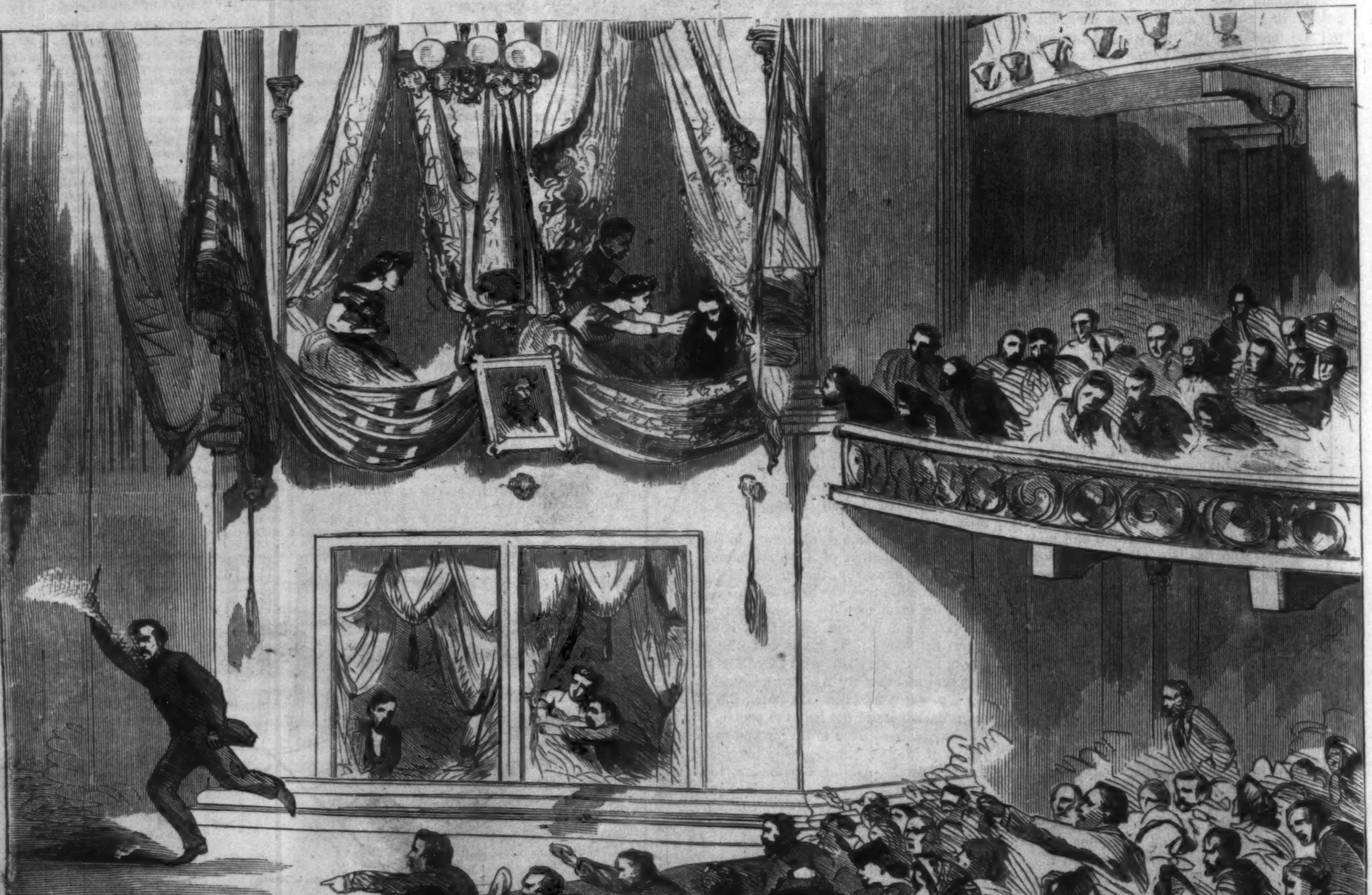


O. Dark Corridor leading from the Dress Circle to Box.—H. Entrance to Corridor.—I. The bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from without.—J. Dress Circle.—K. The Parquette.—L. The Foot-lights.—M. The Stage.—F. Open door to the President's Box.—G. Closed door.—N. Place where Booth vaulted over to the Stage below.

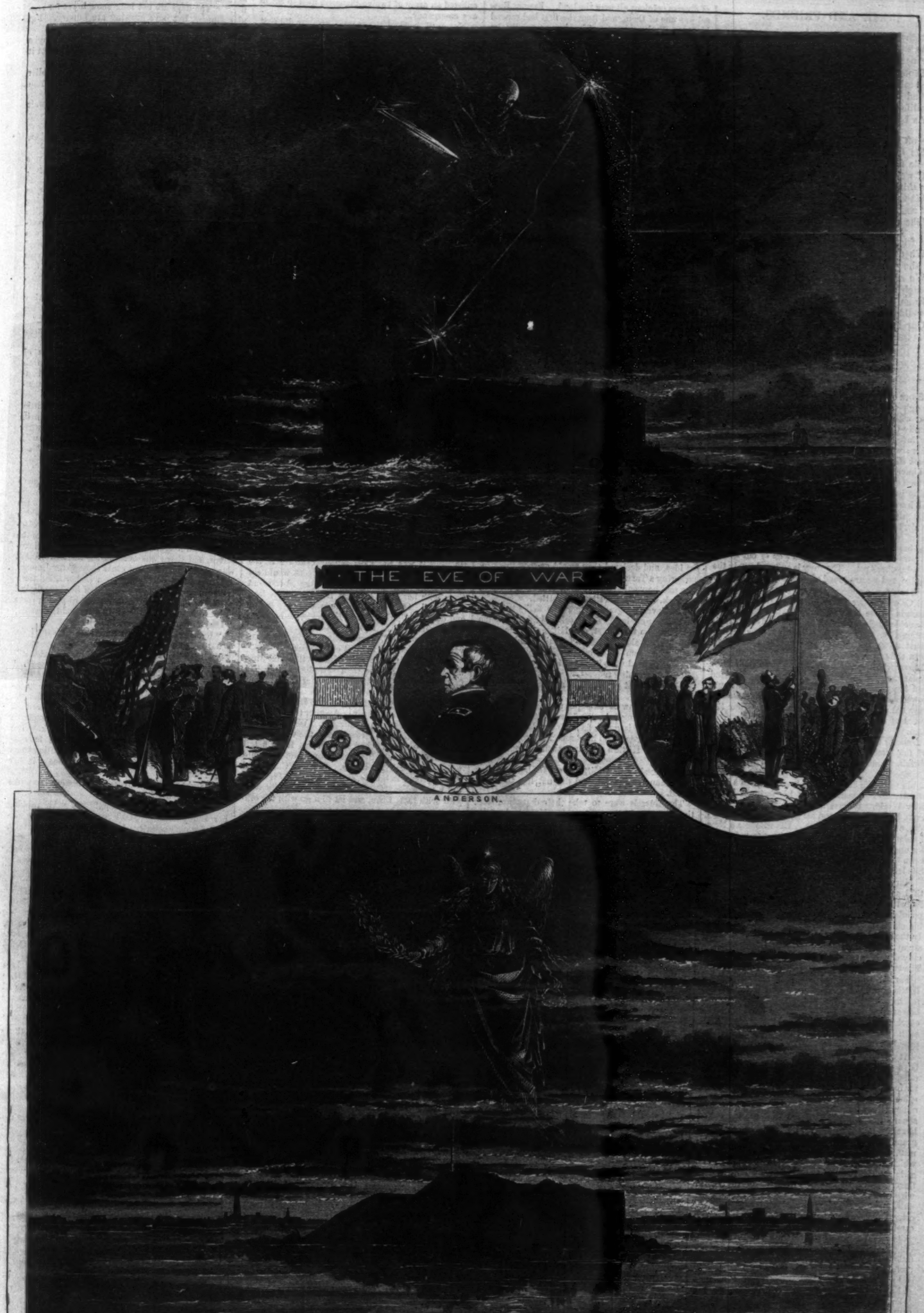
PLAN OF THE BOX OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE, April 14, 1865.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14, 1865.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE—AFTER THE ACT.


THE EVE OF WAR
SUM TER
1861
1865
ANDERSON.
THE DAWN OF PEACE
Th: Nast.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweeter are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

"Baa! baa! black sheep,
Have you got any wool?"

SOME one of our old Colonial ancestors was silly enough to bring over from England a heraldic bear with a crown on its head, and called it "The Family Coat of Arms." It became obsolete with our independence, and we have never chosen another; were we to do so, I am certain it would be a *Black Sheep*.

I have no idea of sending you a "wool-gathering," but am going to tell you a simple story to stir your patriotism if it has gone to sleep.

I have told you of the women of the Revolution who turned a *picnic* into a *raising* when their husbands, brothers, and sons had gone to fight the battles of freedom; and the story of little "Susa White and her Cosset," which was laid on the altar of her country; but I have never told you of our great-grandmother's pet. The story is an heir-loom in the family, and we are proud of it.

When the clouds of war were gathering in the old Colonial skies, there were men from Maine to Georgia whose hearts did not beat in unison with the noble band of patriots who stood ready to achieve nationality. Some of these with a true, manly spirit spoke their sentiments openly, and retired from the country before the bursting of the storm. Others, whose interests were adverse to their principles, waited to watch and betray. New England had its quota of both. Their names have never flowed sweetly in story or song, for which reason (it may be) a belief is springing up that the New England of Revolutionary days was a unit for freedom.

Among the *Tories* of that era—as the adherents of the Mother Government were called—was a thriving landholder in a well-known district of Connecticut. He was not a native of the country, but in early life had forsaken England with a band of adventurous youth, to try his fortunes in the New World. Successful beyond his anticipations even, he purchased broad acres, stocked them liberally, and retired to rural life. His wife was a New Englander of the old Massachusetts stamp, but unfortunately died before the Colonists were called upon to take sides with the *Old* country or the *New*. She left a daughter namesake, an only child.

Mary Mather Russel promised to grow up as beautiful as her mother, as frank and intelligent too. Notwithstanding her father was never altogether popular among the residents of the neighborhood, his child, like her mother, was a general favorite. In the daughter of their nearest neighbor she found a playmate and companion. Hittie Dimock was an only daughter like herself, petted and half-spoiled. The two girls were inseparable.

Farmer Dimock had four sons, and their sister Hittie queened it over them as only daughters are privileged. The boys worshiped their sovereign, however, and submitted to most of her whims and caprices. They always affirmed that "Mary Russel helped her to *put on airs*, and that both were as proud as Lucifer."

It was for this same haughty pair that the farmer's boys gathered and stored away their wild forest nuts, and assorted the red-cheeked winter apples; for in the long evenings Mary and Hittie had their spinning and knitting matches. Sometimes the other girls of the district joined them, and the large, square rooms were then ablaze with light, and buzzing and whirling with industry. Mothers and grandmothers gazed with pride on the graceful spinners, while their own hands plied the busy cards which supplied them with rolls. Little boys and girls sat by, picking the tangled wool with their fingers, warming and preparing it for the sharp, wiry cards. It was the older boys who cracked the nuts, and filled the large-nosed pewter flagons with cider, and brought the apples they had laid up so carefully in autumn. What pleasant games of *forfeit* awaited them when the work was done! Oh, the winter evenings of the olden time were not bad, although so many of their hours were devoted to useful toil!

From such peaceful avocations the rural dwellers of New England were aroused by the passage of the "Boston Port Bill," when the watch-word of Liberty rang like a clarion through the land. There was no longer time for dalliance; every man and boy must awaken to duty. It is by such ordeals the steel of manhood is most satisfactorily tested; and never was worthier stuff disclosed than among the yeomanry of "His Majesty's Colonies in North America."

But, as we have just remarked, there were men of diverse opinions all over the land. Farmer Russel was one of them, and from the first had ranged himself with the *royalists*. The men, especially the young men of the vicinity, were indignant, and stigmatized him as the "Old Tory," and indulged in other epithets such as enthusiastic young men are prone to give vent to. Farmer Dimock's boys were among the foremost of these, and even went so far as to say if he betrayed their cause, they would "ride him on a rail," or "duck him in the mill-pond;" and that was long before the days of *rail-carriages*, or the popularity of *hydropathy*.

Such threats boded no good for the English land-owner. But an important rumor soon caused a lull in the angry tempest—the rumor that Farmer Russel had sold his estate and was going to England. Nothing more was to be said or done until the report was verified or contradicted.

Before many days the notice for a public *vendue* was posted on every sign-board and shop-door around the town. All of the stock and household stuff of neighbor Russel was advertised for sale on the premises.

Hittie Dimock looked grave and sorry, and would not allow her brothers to hurl any more epithets at their departing neighbor. From infancy almost his daughter had been her most intimate friend, and the thought of parting from her was very painful. They had spent much time together that winter and spring, and Hittie believed her friend as warm a patriot as herself.

One stormy winter day, when weather-bound at Mary's, Farmer Russel's hired man had brought into the house a coal-black lamb, which, he said, its mother had stamped upon and nearly killed. He rubbed it and wrapped it in an old sheep-skin, while the girls gave it milk. It was the oddest-looking creature in the world. No wonder the mother should disown it, and continue to do so, until the little black cosset came to know no friend but Mary.

It was a hardy little thing, however, and grew fatter, and throve better than many of the fairer and more fondly cherished of its kind. The girls called it Dido, and made a great pet of the homely lamb.

All the men far and near attended the *vendue*; for it was well known the Russel stock and household stuff were the best in the country. Old grandmother Dimock petitioned for a stuffed rocking-chair which had belonged to the invalid wife; Mother Dimock wanted a pair of elaborate china fruit-dishes, and Hittie the *black cosset*. Her brothers hooted at the idea, and declared they would as soon think of harboring a Tory. Then she appealed to her father, who said he would not like to have a *black sheep* in his flock. So the question was settled.

That evening grandmother was delighted with her rocking-chair; Mrs. Dimock had her new china to arrange on the buffet, and Hittie was presented with Mary's side-saddle—a beautiful embroidered affair sent from England only the year before. She was pleased with it, but evidently had not forgotten her warning request.

"Who bought the cosset?" she asked her father at length.

"I don't know as 'twas put up. Nobody would take such a thing for a gift," he replied.

"I guess it is going back to England, *with the other black sheep*," said her brother Jimmy. "The idea of our Hittie's wanting such an outlandish pet!"

It is possible that Hittie cared for her own way more than for the pet, and did not like to be defeated.

The Russels were to take their departure from the colony early the next week. Mary had retained nothing but her own and her mother's wardrobe; and, when those were carefully packed, went to spend the remaining days with Hittie Dimock, taking with her, as a parting gift, the *black lamb*.

Now the "golden fleece" of the Argonauts would not have been one-half as acceptable to Hittie as that grotesque-looking lamb; and she promised to protect it at all hazards.

"Keep Dido to remember *me*," Mary said; "and don't allow those bad brothers of yours to tease her and call her names."

These last words were spoken expressly for the ears of one of those same brothers, supposed to be Mary's favorite.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, now, Miss Mary," said Willie Dimock; "I'll tie the *King's documents* around the critter's neck, and make a colonial messenger of her. A few of them *best acts* would be sure to make her welcome every where."

The girls pouted; but Willie was bound to have his say. The presence of Majesty would not have checked him.

Mary and Hittie had a tearful parting, and promised to be good friends always, just as though nothing had occurred to separate them. "I have never told you," Mary said, sobbing, "but my heart is all American. *This* is my *mother-land*, and I would gladly remain and share her fate."

Willie heard the words and treasured them in his heart.

Farmer Russel was not the only royalist who forsook the country in her hour of trial. Every sea-port witnessed their departure by scores, and none regretted them; for the false who remained hung like an incubus on the patriot cause.

Dido was no favorite with any person or thing on the farm but Hittie. Willie tried to befriend her; but never was there a more mischievous creature in house or garden, and no inclosure could keep her from going when and where she pleased. The highest stone wall or fence she would leap with the agility of a dog; and many secret plans were made by the father and Jimmy to put her out of the way. But either the thought of Hittie's displeasure or the memory of Mary Russel was Dido's protection.

Meantime events of startling importance were transpiring all over the land. A Continental Congress was convened at Philadelphia, and agreed upon a public declaration of rights, recommending non-intercourse with the mother country until the grievances of the colonies should be redressed. The provincial Assembly of Massachusetts drew up a plan for the immediate defense of the province, and enlisted an army of twelve thousand men to act in any emergency.

Not until April of the succeeding year did that emergency arise. Then the tidings of the battle of Lexington flew through the land, and there was a general uprising for freedom. Troops from the neighboring colonies went pouring into Boston, and the war of the Revolution was fairly inaugurated.

Farmer Dimock's two eldest sons were among the first volunteers from Connecticut. They were sent away with words of encouragement and blessing, while the hearts that loved them were well-nigh breaking. Poor Willie never returned. He perished with many other brave New England youth in that stormy march to Quebec, and was laid on the banks of the Kennebec. His father went and took his fallen son's place in the ranks, leaving his two young boys with their mother and sister to perform the labor of the farm. Let those who now murmur at the few comforts they are called upon to forego in the maintenance of our Government through its present hour of darkness and civil war, look back to the cost of its purchase, and blush for shame at the contrast!

The women of the Revolution were fitted to be the wives of heroic men. When necessity urged the morning found them in the field, the evening at the spinning-wheel and loom, at work for the aged and little ones at home, as well as for the suffering soldiers in the field. No women of any age deserve a brighter page in the world's history than those of the American Revolution.

Hittie Dimock proved one of the model maidens of the times. From the moment she sent away with cheerful words her two brothers and her young lover to the patriot army she rose to the full dignity and purpose of womanhood. Early and late she wrought patiently and joyfully in the midst of trial and discouragements, looking serenely to the end. In her zeal for the cause, and in her many labors for the absent ones, she never forgot her love for her childish playmate—Mary Russel; and her imagination often wandered over the ocean to her distant home. Only once since she left the colony had she heard from her, and that was soon after her arrival in England. What had befallen her since she vainly strove to conjecture. Did she remember and love them still? Would she drop a tear if ever she heard of Willie's death? And would she ever return to America? were questions which found no certain answer in her heart.

Mary's pet was still tenderly cared for, notwithstanding it was the most unruly creature in the world. Not another sheep on the place would eat from the same rack with Dido, who butted and beat them with her black head, as if to say, "No love was lost." Only to Hittie she was always gentle and docile, following her in the fields, and coming at her softest call. In the winter she remained in a solitary outshed, never contented in the barn-yard or stables with the rest of the flock.

It was nearly three years since Willie and Jimmy went away; more than two since Willie had fallen in the forests of Maine. Farmer Dimock, who had joined the army the subsequent spring, was captured at the battle of Long Island, and, if living, was still a prisoner. Another trial had been added to their sum of suffering. When the last autumn's grain was harvested and the winter crops secured, David, who had now grown to be a tall boy of fifteen, told his mother one evening there was a fresh call for troops. General Gates had just captured Burgoyne, and a few more men would finish the work. Couldn't they get along the next year with little Eben, and let him go with the others?

Mrs. Dimock had given her two eldest sons and her husband to the cause without a murmur. It had never occurred to her that her two youngest might be demanded, and she was silent.

Eben, who was handing apples for his grandmother and sister to pare, overheard his brother's words.

"You'll have to persuade mother," he said, in a low tone, to Hittie. "She hates to let David go, but he's plenty tall enough to keep step and shoulder a gun. It will be a year or two before I can do it, I suppose. But I'm no coward, Hittie! I'll go as soon as I'm big enough. I'd like to punish them fellows that got father."

Hittie knew it would be better to let her mother alone, as her patriotism was equal to any or every requirement. The aged grandmother took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes as she surveyed the little group, thinking of the time when their happy home-circle was unbroken.

The boys went to bed that night with David's question unanswered. After they were gone their mother went to her press, took down a thick, heavy great-coat or pellise of her own, examined it carefully, and then said,

"David's clothes are not quite warm enough for the army, Hittie! Couldn't we make him a new suit out of this? A shawl will be thick enough for me."

Hittie answered affirmatively, and for a few days every one was at work for the boy-soldier, who went away as bravely as a man. That was four months before, and the poor fellow was having a tough winter at Valley Forge.

Hittie was thinking of all these things one snowy day toward the close of February, as she sat dreamily drawing the thread from her distaff, while her foot appeared to be beating time to her thoughts. Her grandmother was nodding over her knitting-work, and her mother at work in the loom which had been removed from the chamber to the large, warm kitchen below. Little Eben was threshing at the barn, and as his light strokes reached his mother's ears, she thought what vigorous arms had flung the flail in the happy years gone by. How the mother's heart yearned then for her absent ones, and for her poor lost Willie, who would come to his home no more!

The storm increased and began to blow wildly. It sounded in her ear like requiems, and she left her loom and drew near the fire, which crackled and blazed defiance at storm and cold.

"Eben will want something to eat soon," she said, as she stirred the pot of bean-soup in the corner. "The days are not long enough yet for regular dinners, but boys growing are hungry. I'm afraid the others don't always get enough."

"Some one knocks," said Hittie. "Or maybe it was only the wind rattling the door. I forgot it is hooked on the inside."

She went and unfastened it. A ragged soldier stood before her, and asked a night's shelter from the storm.

"*A week's*, if you wish," she said. "Don't wait a minute longer in the cold. Come in."

"Oh, Hittie! don't you know me?"

"*Jimmy!* darling Jimmy! My poor brother, is it *you*? Come in, quickly!"

The next moment the half-naked soldier was weeping in his mother's arms—weeping for joy, and for sorrow too, *that he had returned alone*.

It was long before his grandmother's aged eyes could be made to believe the thin, famished-looking youth before her was their own sturdy boy. "Willie was more slender," she said. "She had not expected him to endure hardship well; but Jimmy was like his grandfather, and this could not be Jimmy."

While he was eating a dish of the warm soup his mother unbound the rags from his travel-sore feet and washed them; then drew on new, warm socks, and a pair of his father's half-worn boots, better than he had seen for months. The clothing they had sent him from home in autumn had never reached him, and Government had done nothing for the soldiers that winter but furnish them with blankets, and not enough of those.

"Never mind; we will make you another set of clothes before you go again," Hittie said, cheerfully. "Some poor soldier, I hope, got the other bundle. We have just commenced making the summer cloth."

"I have to leave you in the morning, Hittie. My regiment broke camp yesterday, and is on its way to New Jersey to be ready for some early movement. I got leave to hasten forward, with orders to be in New London to-morrow night."

What a damper his words cast over their joy! And now, instead of sitting down to question him and enjoy those few brief hours, they had to contrive how they could make him more comfortable when he went away. There was not a yard of cloth in the house except a few yards of white flannel, which was sent to the mill in autumn and returned without dyeing or fulling, as the men had all gone to the war. Their neighbors were no better off than themselves, and there was none in the market. What was to be done? What *could* they do for Jimmy?

Hittie revolved the question in her mind for a few minutes, then every feature of her face flashed with new light and merriment. Whispering some order to Eben, who was off in a moment, she said, "Do you remember Dido, Jimmy?"

"Remember the black imp?—to be sure I do. What became of the creature?"

"She's alive and well, and has turned patriot."

What mischief was in Hittie's mind no one could tell.

Eben's orders were to lead Dido into the back-cellar, which he did not accomplish without difficulty, as she stamped at him, butted him with her hard head, and tried her best to bite his knees, while he slipper-noosed the cord around her neck. But Eben's will was as strong as hers, and he conquered her at last, and found Hittie awaiting them in the cellar, with a huge pair of shears in her hand.

At sight of her mistress, Dido's more lamb-like nature suddenly returned.

"Fie, Dido! Bad sheep!" she said, rubbing her woolly nose. "You have never made any sacrifice for your country; but your turn has come now, my pet! Lie down and give us your coat!"

At a motion of her hand the creature lay down, and Hittie commenced shearing the long, coarse wool from her back.

"There; take this, Eben," she said, when she had sheared a little bunch; "carry it to grandmother and ask her to card it before I come up. Then, do you know, Eben, I want you to go and bring Cousin Sallie and her mother here this afternoon, to help get Jimmy ready to go away in the morning. They'll want to see him and hear from Cousin John."

It did not take Hittie long to cut the wool from Dido's body, which was all she wished. She then took a heavy blanket and sewed it carefully around her, to protect her from the cold; and said, as she hurried away, "You shall have some sweet turnips for your supper, and a straw bed to lie upon, pet!"

She laid her black wool at her grandmother's feet, examined the rolls she had carded, and brought the great wheel nearer the fire.

"It is lucky you finished drawing in your web this morning, mother; for now we can send Jimmy away in the morning with a new suit of *linsey-woolsey* black as Dido. It will be better than a white flannel suit, at least."

"The child must be crazy," said her grandmother, resting on her cards with astonishment.

"Crazy with joy, then, grandmother! These rolls run beautifully, warm from the sheep, you know! Please have me some more ready soon!"

A hearty laugh burst from Jimmy, who now comprehended his sister's movements perfectly. The ring of it did Hittie's heart good.

"Jimmy," she said, "have you forgotten how *to quill*? Don't you remember how grandmother used to make us quill for her when we wanted to be off nutting? Wasn't it a shame? But you and I used to run away, though."

Hittie's tongue buzzed as fast as her wheel. When she had spun enough to fill a single quill, she called on her mother to wind it, fill her shuttle, and begin the fabric. It was a long time since they had all wrought with such cheerful hearts; there was no time to think or speak of the morrow.

Aunt Sallie and her daughter both came with Eben, and another pair of cards and another wheel gave fresh impetus to the work. Before dark the carding and spinning was done, and the web almost ready to be cut from the loom.

Cousin Sallie finished the work while her aunt and Hittie prepared the evening meal; her mother meanwhile was measuring Jimmy for the round jacket and loose trowsers, which she said could easily be made before morning.

A pleasant night they made of it, while the stormy wind whistled without. The boys cracked nuts and parched corn, and Jimmy told camp-stories until long after midnight. Then his mother urged him to bed, promising every thing should be ready for him in time in the morning.

When the first light shone in the east, Mrs. Dimock stole softly into the bedroom where her sons were sleeping and awakened little Eben.

"You must get up now," she whispered, "and feed old Dolly, if you are going with Jimmy. It is clear as a bell, and good sleighing too; and Hittie has got every thing ready for you both."

Eben needed not a second bidding. The soldier did not awake, but slept like one to whom a soft home bed was a luxury. His mother stooped and kissed him, leaving a warm tear on his forehead.

An hour later, when the breakfast was steaming hot by the kitchen fire, Hittie carried the new warm garments to her brother and found him awake.

"Dido has given you her coat, Jimmy, and you are under obligations to speak well of her hereafter. Didn't I tell you she was a patriot?"

Jimmy promised the *black sheep* should have a pension at the close of the war, and never again be called *a Tory*.

The sleigh was loaded with oats for Dolly and sundry good things for the boys; for Eben insisted on going all the way to New London and seeing Jimmy with his regiment. He had never been so far from home, but was a brave lad, and they had no fear for him. Aunt Sallie had a bundle of warm socks for her son, and Hittie had another little parcel marked for some person whose name has not appeared in this story, but which stands now as one of the side-branches of our genealogical tree.

At the first sound of the sleigh-bells Dido broke loose from the cellar, and stood beside her young mistress on the steps, watching the boys' departure. Never had she looked so comical as in her checkered blanket, and never was Hittie better pleased than when Jimmy patted her black head and called her "a sheep worth having."

A few months later and the father reached home after his long imprisonment. Hunger and frost had reduced the strong man to the helplessness of infancy. He was a cripple for life.

Neither Jimmy nor David quit the army for a single day until they saw the sword of Cornwallis in the hands of their beloved Commander-in-Chief. Then they obtained a furlough for a few days only, and at its expiration went back and remained until the Colonial army was disbanded.

Dido outlived the war, and became gentle and tractable in her old age. From the hour she yielded her winter coat to the returned soldier she became an object of consideration in the family, and was treated with especial favor. And when Hittie left her father's house for a new home, proudly in the little train that accompanied her walked the old cosset. One of her lambs, as black as herself, became the children's pet after her death; and so through two or three generations until the present time there has always been a family pride and a family fondness for a *black sheep*.

MY HOME IN CLOUDLAND.

I'VE a home in cloudland,
The rivers run o'er golden sand;
And tall and straight the dark pines stand
Round my home in cloudland.
The roses are blowing,
The fountains are flowing;
'Tis always midsummer in cloudland.
No dews e'er weeping,
No shadows e'er creeping
Near my home in cloudland.

I've a guest in cloudland,
One true knight at my command,
Who'd gird at Death for my white hand,
And dwells with me in cloudland.
Soft music is playing,
And we two go straying,
Deep in the sweet bow'rs of cloudland.
Where elf chimes are ringing,
Strange melody flinging,
Around my home in cloudland.

OUR NEW HOUSE.

"EUREKA! I have found it!" I cried, as I entered the house.

"Found what?" queried Mrs. Dobb.

"The house, my dear. The very house we want."

"Oh! *have* you?" exclaimed my wife, with an intensity of emphasis that sufficiently explained her appreciation of the horrors of house-hunting in April. "I am *so* glad! It relieves my mind of more anxiety than you think, James. Where is it?"

"Here, in the paper." And I pulled the morning paper from my pocket, where I had carried it all day, and struck it open triumphantly with one sweep of my strong right hand.

"*Oh!*—JAMES!"

I despair of conveying in print a clear idea of the expression my wife put into the utterance of those two words. It was the cry of a deceived and wounded spirit. Mrs. Dobb's face looked almost ghastly. It seemed as if the light was all struck out of it as by the crash of sudden woe.

"Yes, in the paper," I went on, feigning not to perceive the havoc I had created in the sensitive breast of woman. "An advertisement, you know. What a blessed institution the advertising system is!"

"Well, read it."

I read it.

"TO RENT.—A snug, cozy house in the suburbs, handy to a line of horse-cars, will be let to a careful tenant at fifteen dollars per month. Apply at No. — That Street. Take a Blank Street car."

"Now then!" I cried, exultant.

"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Ridiculous, Susan! Not a bit of it. I believe that house to be a prize. I'll go at once and see it. There'll be a hundred applicants for it."

Mrs. Dobb smiled incredulously.

"And so cheap too!" said I. "Fifteen dollars a month! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

But Mrs. Dobb was by no means favorably impressed with my new enterprise. She argued the point long and earnestly with me, reminding me that cheap things were invariably dearest in the end; and at last, in the fervor of discussion, I did a very rash thing.

I agreed with Mrs. Dobb that if, on visiting the house I had in view, it did not prove every way desirable, I would release her *in toto* from all further trouble regarding a house. I would do the house-hunting this year myself.

I may say briefly that I bitterly repented of my promise afterward. The house was a worthless affair. And then I had to go out on a house-hunt.

I need not recount my sorrowful experiences. To those who know what house-hunting is I could tell nothing new; and to those who do not I have only to express the kindly hope that they never will. I had doors banged in my face by irascible housekeepers, who declared their carpets were being ruined; I was asked what my name was; what my business was; how many children I had; where I lived; in fact, I never had so many questions asked me in the same number of hours before since I was examined by a life-insurance physician. One man even asked me to lend him five dollars, but he had no house to rent. At night I came home wearied and worn, and no nearer my object than when I began.

"This is unprofitable business, Susan," said I. "I shall pursue it no longer."

"But what will you do, James? Stay here?"

"No; we can't stay here at the advanced rent."

"Then what *will* you do?"

"I'll go to a house-agent. I ought to have thought of that in the first place."

I called on an agent the next day, and had some conversation with him.

"If you will tell me about what sum you wish to pay for a house, Mr.—"

"Dobb is my name."

"Mr. Dobb, I have no doubt I can suit you to a T."

I named a sum a little in advance of what I have paid the past year for the house I now occupy; and the agent replied:

"There is a house in one of the most genteel and agreeable neighborhoods in town, which is to be vacated on the first of May, which I can let you have at the price you name, and it is really a treasure at that figure. It has ten rooms, with a stoop and inclosed piazza in front, overrun with vines in summer, and is two stories high. I can recommend it in every respect, Sir. The conveniences are such as to admit of no criticism, and I promise you, and stake my reputation on the event, that you will find it quite to your liking. The rent is not low, to be sure, as things go; but the neighborhood is one of the choicest in the city. It has been occupied the past year by a very careful tenant, to whom no objection is entertained that I can learn except that he has children."

"So have I children," I said, very decisively; "four of them; and I intend that they shall occupy the same house with me during the next twelve months, at all hazards. So if that is the objection I believe we can drop the subject where it is."

"Ah, yes," said the agent, blandly. "It is only an objection of principle, however. The owner is opposed to renting his houses to families with children on principle. The house to which I refer forms the only exception to his rule. I have no doubt he could be induced to make the same exception in your favor, Sir."

"But if for me, why not for his present tenant?" I asked.

"Oh, he would for his present tenant, he told me; but the gentleman refuses to pay the increased rent, I am informed, and has found another house."

Some further conversation followed. I was shown a plan of the offered house, and its various excellences were explained to me. I was fully convinced it was an excellent residence; and after my weary experience in house-hunting I felt quite a glow of satisfaction at the prospect of release on such comparatively reasonable terms. I engaged the house at once.

"Have a lease prepared to-day," said I to the agent, "and to-morrow I will call and sign it."

Mrs. Dobb was overjoyed when I told her all about it that day at dinner. It was plain to see that we had secured a good home for the coming year.

"But, James," said my wife, "you haven't told me where the house is situated."

"Well, that's a good joke!" said I. "Upon my word I never thought to ask! I'll do so after dinner."

I did. The agent said it was in Sutcha Street.

"Is it?" said I. "Well, that's pleasant. We sha'n't have far to move then, probably; for I live in Sutcha Street now—and a delightful street it is! What did you say was the number?"

"The number is seventeen."

"Seventeen!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sir."

"Between Bolivar Street and Gulliver Street?"

"Yes, Sir."

"West side?"

"Yes. You know the house, perhaps?"

"I should think I ought to!" was my response, in a hysterical tone; "I've lived in it for the past year."

Yes. I had rented my own house, at a comfortable advance on last year's figure. When I told Mrs. Dobb about it she laughed till she cried.

I went roaming over the house, examining its merits critically, and scrutinizing the rooms with quite a new and peculiar interest.

"It is a good house, Susan, at any rate. That we know."

"It is, James. I am very well satisfied. To be sure the kitchen is rather small, and there is more room up stairs than we really need; but I don't believe we could be better suited on the whole."

"And then, my dear wife," cried I, in a tone of exultation, "think what an escape from the horrors of the first of May! No exorbitant charges to draymen—no broken mirrors and scratched furniture—no sleeping on the parlor-floor—no going to a restaurant for dinner *en famille*. We can be as happy next first of May as the shepherds of Arcadia. We'll have a regular merry-making in the back-yard if it don't rain."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

"**PARSLEY" PEEL.**—The founder of the Peel family and the father of the first baronet kept a skilled mechanic in his cotton-printing establishment, for the purpose of carrying out his ideas in the improvement of machinery. This man, we are told by Sir Lawrence Peel, was kept concealed in the private house of a Mr. Haworth, at Brookside, near Blackburn, where he worked in secret, as if he was engaged in some mysterious wickedness. In the course of his experiments Mr. Peel also introduced some improvements in the printing of the cottons; in connection with which a story is still current in the Peel family. This ingenious manufacturer was in his kitchen one day, making some experiments in printing on handkerchiefs and other small pieces, when his only daughter, then a girl, afterward Mrs. Willock, the mother of the postmaster of Manchester, brought him in from their garden of herbs a sprig of parsley. It was some proof of taste in so young a girl (says Sir Lawrence) that she could discern beauty in a common pot-herb, which is generally regarded as created only for a garnish or a fry. She pointed out and praised the beauty of the leaf, and looking, by the habit of the remarkable family to which she belonged, naturally to the useful side, she said that she thought it would make a very pretty pattern. Her father took it from her hand, looked at it attentively, praised her for her taste, and said that he would make a trial of it. She, delighted not to be pooh-poohed as discoverers among young folks often are, lent her aid with all the alacrity of a girl of fourteen. A pewter dinner-plate—for such was then the common dinner-plate of families of their degree—was taken down from the shelf, and on it was sketched, or scratched, a figure of the leaf, and from this impressions were taken. This was called in the family "Nancy's pattern," after the little girl who invented it. It became one of the most popular patterns in cotton cloth ever designed, and was at one period as widely known and as universally used as the "Willow pattern" in crockery ware. It may be said that it had no small share in laying the foundation of the fortunes of the Peel family. In the trade it was every where spoken of as the Parsley-leaf pattern, and alliteration lending its aid, the fortunate father of the shrewd young lady became generally known by the nickname of "Parsley Peel."

MY MOTHER!—Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, some time ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep over a recently-made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him they shook him up and asked how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off! How came you to wander so far away from home?" "I just cam'," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here." His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow was a beautiful touch of nature in a child who could scarcely have yet learned to realize the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself asleep.

STRANGE FREAKS OF MARRIAGE.—The lovers of "romantic adventures" and strange "coincidences" will be entertained by a perusal of the following narrative, which appears in a Tyrone newspaper:

"Very recently, in the village of Plumbridge, in this county, two rather curious episodes occurred at two weddings held there. In one case, the party was composed of the bride and bridegroom accompanied by their 'best man,' etc. They proceeded on foot from the house of the bride's father, a man named M'Bride, living in Glenelly, toward the chapel of Plumbridge, where the priest was awaiting their arrival to unite them in holy matrimony. The bride was, as is usual in such cases, conducted by the 'best man;' and had gone about half-way to the chapel when the bridegroom, thinking perhaps that the bride was paying too much attention to her 'best man,' became jealous. Consequently, the 'best man' was ordered away. A scuffle ensued, when the 'best man' was thrown off the road into a ditch. The bride took the part of the 'best man,' and refused to go with her 'intended.' She said she would not marry him, but would have her 'best man' for her husband. The 'best man' ran back to the father of the bride, related what had happened, and, as had been suggested by the bride, asked his consent to take the place of the 'jealous' bridegroom. The father of the girl agreed to this new arrangement, when both immediately proceeded to Strabane, got a license, came back to Plumbridge, and met the bride, who had steadfastly refused to be married to her former pugilistic and jealous courtier. The next morning, in Plumbridge Roman Catholic Chapel, she got married to her 'best man' of the preceding day. The rejected one, feeling he had come to a serious loss by the fickle fair one, determined to seek compensation for damage sustained, and next day proceeded to the bride's father's house and took an inventory of all his effects as a preparatory step to proceedings for a breach of promise, which he has directed an attorney to institute for £350 damages.

"Now, for the second episode. On the same day, memorable in the local history of Plumbridge, is the fact that another bridegroom, name Kane, was conveying a young widow named Coyle, to the same chapel, and from the same place, when they were met by an old lover, named Conway, whose latent love for the fair dame once more burned so fiercely that he leaped off the car, whispered a few poetic words in her ear, which had the desired effect on her. Proving false to her husband elect, she went away with Conway, to whom she was married next day."

IT is a singular fact that the brute who sells, or rather who used to sell, his wife at fair or in market-place, and the bride on whose fair finger is placed the golden link which binds her to her lord, are alike preservers and followers of the primitive customs connected with marriage. The brute in one place, and the brute in another, symbolize the ancient spirit of wooing and wedding, which made of the wife the legal captive of her husband. In our very terms the ancient form of capture is, perhaps, to be traced. A man speaks of "*taking* a wife," but a woman never remarks that she is "taking a husband." The term "best man" is used in Norway in the same sense as it is with us; but it there originally implied the friend of the bridegroom who had the strongest arm, and who could most effectually wield the heaviest weapon against all assailants who might attempt to recapture the bride. It even suggested that the throwing an old shoe after the wedded couple as they depart from the lady's old home is not, as it is now interpreted, *for luck*, but a remnant of a marriage ceremony of olden times, when the inhabitants of the district from which the bride was taken flung missiles at the husband, in order to cause him to desist from carrying off their sister or friend. The latter ceremony—for it is now only a mere, but still a lively, ceremony—is common among some of the hill-people of Hindústan; among others, a thread cast round the neck is of equal significance to a bride with the ring which the bridegroom daintily passes over the finger, which, pretty but groundless legend tells us, has some mysterious nervous connection with the heart.

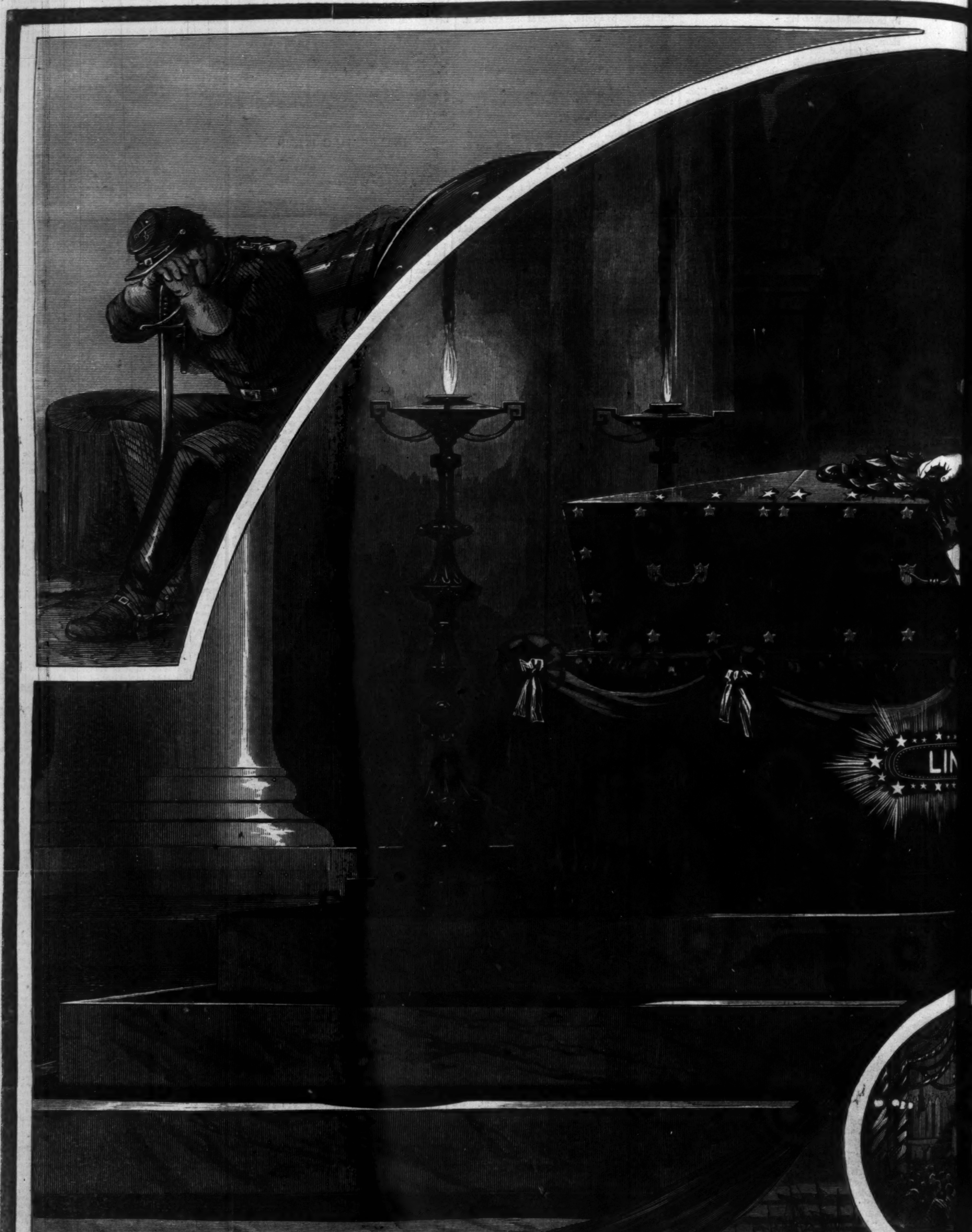
HOW NATURE WORKS.—"Yes, yes," says a modern writer, "nature balances all things admirably, and has put the sexes and every individual of each on a par. Them that have more than their share of one thing commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength there ain't apt to be much gumption. A handsome man in a general way ain't much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them th [illegible] genius have no common sense. A fellow with c [illegible] rows rich, while he who calls him a fool dies poo [illegible] rld is like a baked meat pie—the upper crust is ric [illegible], and puffy; the lower crust is heavy, doughy, and underdone; the middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which flavors the whole."

FAST AND SLOW SPEAKERS.—Movement is as important in elocution as in music. The effect of the finest piece of music will be injured if played or sung faster or slower than the composer intended. Indeed, if the alteration of the movement be great, it may be utterly spoiled. In like manner the grandest poem or the most eloquent speech, however well delivered as regards other elocutionary points, will lose much of the proper effect by being uttered either too fast or too slow. Most speakers are always fast or slow, and some always in the extremes. The movement should be more or less fast or slow according to the thought or feeling expressed by the words. This fastness or slowness may affect but a single word, a phrase, or a whole sentence, and sometimes be sustained throughout a long passage. The extremes of speaking very fast and speaking very slow are equally disagreeable to the hearer, and both very injurious to the speaker. The very fast speaker is seldom distinct in his articulation; the hearer misses half of what he says, and has not time to understand and appreciate the words which he does hear. While the hearer is reflecting on some fine thought, probably but partially understood through its indistinct utterance, the speaker is several sentences in advance. The orator's health must suffer, because from this rapid utterance the lungs have not due time afforded for supplying themselves with fresh wind; and, consequently, they will often be almost empty while the speaker is uttering a sentence, which is most injurious, and apt to cause spitting of blood and pulmonary consumption. On the other hand, the very slow speaker is wearying to listen to, especially if his thoughts are scanty and commonplace. He may be a very good parish priest, but he becomes a tedious bore in the pulpit, and too often the good effect produced by even the bad reading of our sublime Liturgy is marred by an extremely slow delivery of the sermon. Some persons who utter their words at a moderate rate, nevertheless make their delivery very slow by too many and too long pauses. This, although tedious to the listener, is not injurious to the speaker; indeed, it may be necessary for one who, like Hamlet, is "fat, and scant of breath." Others dwell upon every syllable, by which the delivery becomes extremely slow. This is very injurious to the health, and causes great exhaustion.

OUR FEARS.—We are afraid of too much ozone in the atmosphere, and we are afraid of too little—we ignoramuses, I mean, for of course the chemists know their business and understand meters. We are afraid of apoplexy or of influenza, of sun-stroke or of bronchitis, according to the climate in which we abide; but we are sure to be afraid of one or the other. The Malthusians are afraid that the world will get overstocked with human animals, and that the crying generations yet unborn will have to go supperless to bed, because there will be more mouths than meat. There are some who talk learned fear about a second deluge from the tilting of the earth on its axis, and the consequent streaming over of the waters in the Polar basin—I forget now which, whether north or south; there are others who quake at a possible collision with a comet, when old mother earth will have the breath knocked out of her body, and will lie collapsed and lifeless, like a log in space. Some live in a vague alarm of the subterranean fire, and the stopping up of volcanic vent-holes, when we shall have such an explosion as will send us spinning—who knows where?—perhaps as far as Jupiter, or, it may be, to be brought up by Saturn's belts; others make long faces at the thickening of the earth's crust and the cooling of those same fires, and foresee the time when we shall be all snow-men, living on a huge ice-ball. Some look for the Millennium, for which they are not prepared; and some for the Last Day, for which they are less prepared. Some fear that our coal-beds will fail, and that we shall have chilblains and frosted toes for want of fuel: others, that gold will become as common as copper, and then what shall we do for our currency?

NOTES ON OVERWORK.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study; and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous. There are women who after a hard day's work will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and done with a self-sustained alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we can not cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished decay commences at the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.

CARTHAGE IN HER ZENITH.—Rich in the spoils of twenty different nations, Carthage was the splendid capital of a great empire. Her ports, created by the hand of man, could receive a vast number of ships, both for trade and war. Byrsa, her citadel, was two miles in circumference. On the landward side, the city was defended by a triple wall, 25 stadia long and 30 cubits high; strengthened by towers of four stories; and having accommodation for 4000 horses, 300 elephants, and 20,000 infantry. She contained an immense population: for even in her later days, after the waste of a century, she had still 700,000 inhabitants. Her monuments were worthy of her grandeur: among others, there was the temple of Aschmoun, corresponding to the Greek Esculapius; that of the Sun, adorned with plates of gold computed at 1000 talents; and the mantle (peplum) wrought for the statue of their goddess, which had cost 120 talents. The empire of Carthage extended from the frontiers of Cyrene (Pays de Barca, region de Tripoli) to those of Spain. She was the capital of Northern Africa, and in Libya alone she possessed 300 towns. Nearly all the islands of the Midland Sea to the west and south of Italy had received her magazines of commerce. She had imposed her system upon all the old Phœnician settlements in those parts, and levied upon them an annual tribute of men and money. In the interior of Africa, she sent out caravans of merchants to buy elephants, ivory, gold, and negro slaves, which she exported to all the commercial ports of the Mediterranean. In Sicily, she collected oil and wine; in Elba, she sought for iron; in Malta, she found priceless tissues; in Corsica, she procured wax and honey; in Sardinia, she bought corn, metals, and slaves; in the Balearic Islands she obtained mules and fruits; in Spain, gold, silver, and lead; in Mauritania, hides and skins. She sent her ships to the extremities of Britain in search of tin. Within her own walls industry flourished, and her workmen produced the most celebrated fabrics. No market in the ancient world could be compared with that of Carthage, to which men of all nations came in crowds. Greeks, Gauls, Ligurians, Spaniards, Libyans, served under her banners. The Numidians formed a redoubtable cavalry. The fleet was powerful, amounting, at this time, to 500 vessels. She possessed a considerable arsenal; the importance of which one can understand from the fact that Carthage surrendered to the victorious Scipio 200,000 stand of arms and 3000 warlike machines. Even after the battle of Zama, Polybius could still describe Carthage as the richest city in the world.—*Emperor Louis Napoleon's Life of Cæsar.*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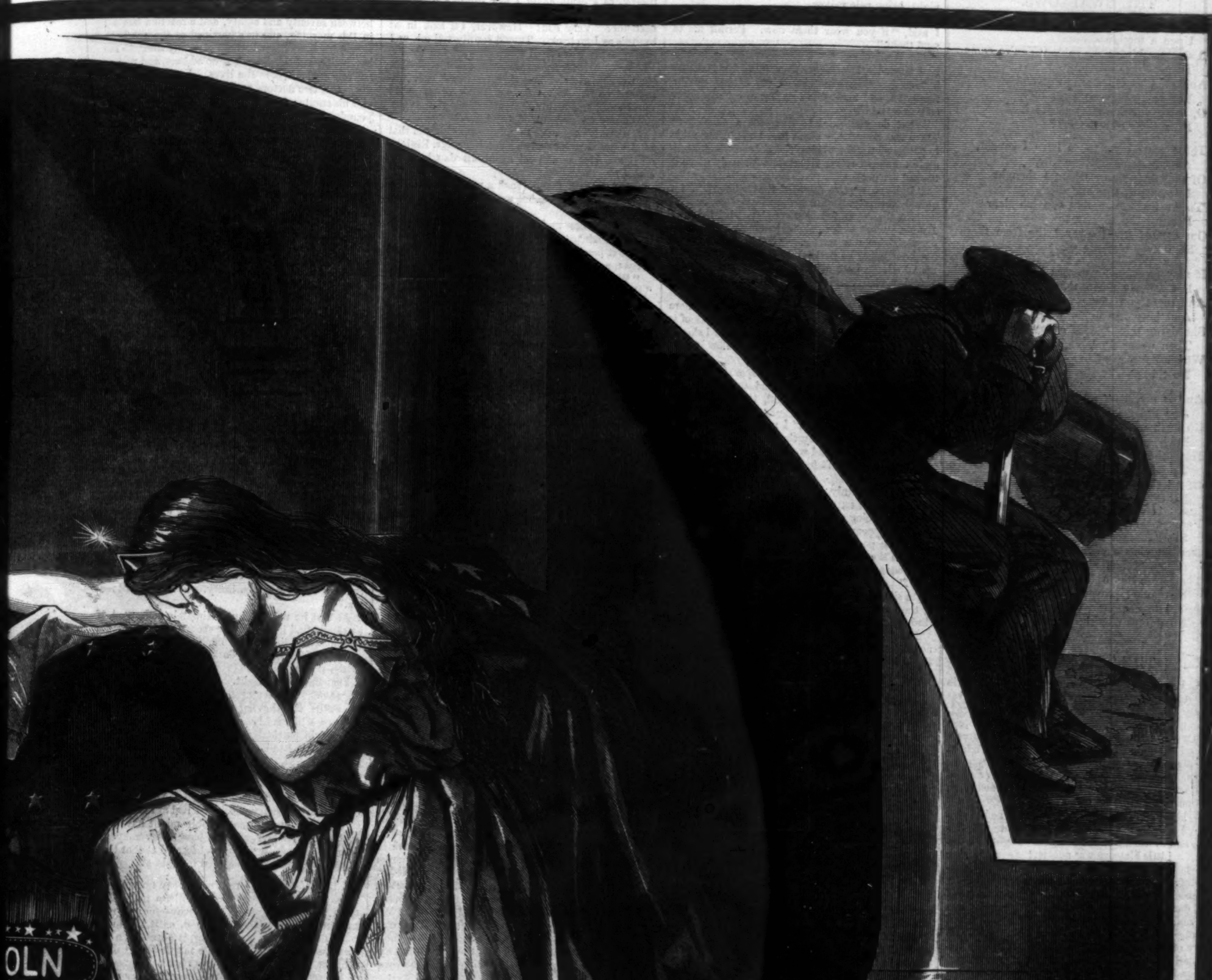
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THE SWALLOWS.

A captive soldier pined for home
Upon a foreign shore:
"O summer birds!" he said, "You've come
To greet my eyes once more;
And even to this burning strand
You carry hope to me.
O, bring you from my native land
No tidings o'er the sea?

"Three years some token have I sought,
As you came fluttering by,
Of that dear valley where I thought
In peace to live and die.
'Tis by the stream that runs so clear
Beneath the lilac trees
Our cottage stands—you bring from there
No tidings o'er the seas?

"It may be one of you was born
Beneath my native thatch,
And there you saw my mother mourn,
And keep her weary watch;
She dying thinks, 'He comes at last!'
Then weeps fond tears for me,
Why bring you of her yearnings past
No tidings o'er the sea?

"And is my sister married, say?
And did a joyful throng
Go forth upon her wedding-day,
With greetings and with song?
Have they returned who went from there
To join the fight with me?
Of all those friends why bring you here
No tidings o'er the sea?

"Perhaps their corpses strew the vale;
Some foreign foe has come,
And marches o'er them to assail
And devastate my home.
The new-made bride her hands must wring,
No mother prays for me;
And I in chains! Why do you bring
No tidings o'er the sea?"

THE TORN GLOVE.

I, Reuben Apscombe, linen-draper, of Little Matseys, a village on the west coast of England, sat in my shop one stormy evening in January, 1852. If in my very early manhood any body had prophesied my present circumstances, I should scarcely have been angry, I should have laughed outright at the absurdity—I, with my education and my prospects, becoming a tradesman! But never mind that *now*. To tell how that change happened is not my purpose at this moment.

When I arrived at Little Matseys six months before, I thought, at all events, I should make a living, and in the far-off distance there might be a fortune. Little Matseys was now on the eve of seeing the last of me, for I was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Surely this state of things was not my fault. I had done all I could. My plate-glass window was the marvel of the neighborhood. My two oil lamps at night excited general admiration. My wares were of the most attractive character; wildly imaginative in pattern were my stuffs for dresses, gorgeous in their varied colors, astonishing in their cheapness. It was *very* hard—for what was the result? The result was, the villagers came in a crowd, and marveled, and went away again. During the whole six months I took barely five pounds. The people of Little Matseys were not particular about clothing. There was a little shop in the village which had supplied all their wants from time immemorial. It was a dingy, wretched concern, but the villagers preferred it. They were afraid of me and my grandeur (so I afterward thought), and therefore, on the evening to which I have alluded, I determined on departing to a more hopeful locality.

I had been inspecting my stock, and it lay about in some confusion. The evening being far advanced, I began to roll up the bales preparatory to shutting the shutters.

"No one has been in for the last three days," I said to myself. "If any one were to come now, such a night as it is, I should expect the house to tumble down."

As I thus muttered a customer appeared.

A lady! Mercy on me, a lady! I had not seen a lady since I had been at Little Matseys; and here on this evening, this miserable evening, when the rain was falling in torrents and the wind had risen to a hurricane, a lady not only presented herself, but entered *my shop!* I know I looked scared; for, catching my eye as she entered, she drew back, and also seemed embarrassed, not to say alarmed.

"I beg pardon," I murmured, still looking fixedly at my visitor. "I—I really thought—"

What was my surprise when the lady, in evident perturbation, advanced hurriedly, saying in a trembling voice,

"Surely you don't remember—but of course not," in an easier tone; "it could not be. I want a pair of gloves, if you please. You see I have had a misfortune with this one on my left hand;" and she exhibited her left glove, split quite across.

"I beg pardon," I began again—being a shy, nervous man, I very frequently prefaced my remarks in this way; figuratively speaking, I was always on my knees, a position seldom inappropriate to a man with a wife and family, and nothing to keep them upon—"you said something about 'not remembering'—"

"Never mind," she said, pettishly. "Get me the gloves, please."

I had small hope of suiting her. Gloves of her size were not likely to be found in Little Matseys. However, a pair not so large as to fall off the lady's hands were furnished. She put them on. They were of a most preposterous color to wear on such a night, being pale yellow.

"I am afraid they will be spoiled almost directly," I said, "if you wear them now. Permit me to send them."

She thanked me, but declined—rather snappishly, I fancied. My wonder concerning my customer increased. "Perhaps she is out of her mind," thought I, as I noticed her gazing round in a nervous, uncertain way.

What do you think? She was a shoplifter! There was no mistake about it. I had turned aside to put away the box of gloves, and I saw her deliberately take up a roll of ribbon and furtively move it toward her pocket.

"Did you require some of that ribbon?" I inquired, abruptly.

"No, thank you," she answered, putting it down; and her vacant look as she did so satisfied me that my suspicion was wrong. "I beg pardon, I did not know what I was doing. Do you—can you tell me whether a path over the cliff to Danes House, a path which there used to be years ago, exists now?"

"Yes," I replied; "but Danes House is more than a mile from here, and the walk you speak of is so hazardous, even at the best of times, that I should think it very foolish of any body to follow it on a night like to-night."

"I thank you," was the only response; and taking her streaming umbrella, and so spoiling her right-hand glove in a moment, the strange lady turned and departed.

"Something odd there," I muttered, proceeding to pack up and put away the numerous articles of stock which I have said were lying about.

"I fancy I haven't heard the last of that pair of gloves."

No. I certainly had not, for I had effected a clearance, had extinguished one of the lamps, and was about doing the same with the other, when my visitor reappeared. She was evidently flurried.

"I beg pardon," she said, "but I have left behind me the torn glove which I took off. Pray be good enough to seek for it. I want it particularly."

As she spoke I could not help glancing curiously at the new ones she had on. They had changed, through the wet, to an indescribable hue.

I looked about the counter. The fragment was not there. No doubt I had rolled it up in some of the bales. I could not examine them all to-night. I explained the matter to her, and offered to send the glove to her in the morning any where she might direct.

"Oh no," she replied; "I want it particularly now. In fact, I must have it."

"Really you must excuse me," I said. "I was just closing my shop. I have already put out one of the lamps. To-morrow—"

"Will not do," she interrupted. "It won't take long to look through your stock," she observed, glancing round contemptuously

"Longer than I choose to be occupied to-night, madam," I responded, in a provoked tone.

"Then you mean to say you are going to keep the glove," said my curious customer, half menacingly.

"For to-night, madam, of necessity. Its value is no great matter," I remarked, returning her sneer.

"Not to you, perhaps, but—to me. However, never mind."

She turned to go; then looking back, she said—

"All I will ask of you is, when you find the glove, just to be good enough *to put it in the fire.*"

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, this is curious," I cogitated, as the door closed. "All this fume and fret about a thing which when I find I am to put in the fire. A decided case of mystery. I'll find that glove in the morning without fail."

Ah, that was a night! My wife and I lay awake in mortal terror, expecting that we and our shop and its contents would be blown into the sea. In the snatches of sleep which I did obtain I had frightful dreams, in all of which there figured a lady in pale yellow gloves doing various dreadful things, and invariably winding up her proceedings by trying to strangle me with what appeared to be an extra glove, but of enormous dimensions, say half a yard long. These ghastly delusions might have been attended with tragic results; for I was thoroughly aroused at length by a sharp scream from my wife, of whose throat, to my unspeakable horror, I found I had a firm grip, evidently with the intention of making myself a widower in a very short time.

Morning found me as usual in my shop, looking for the customers who never came. At an early hour there dropped in a neighbor who dearly loved a gossip, and who generally favored me with a morning visit, guessing, I fancy, that my time was not pressingly occupied.

"Always busy—always busy, Mr. Apscombe," laughed the unfeeling wretch, rubbing his hands as he came in. "Why, you must be making your fortune, eh?"

"I can't be said to be losing one, for I never had one, Mr. Shurrocks; but I tell you what, Little Matseys won't see me much longer. People live here without any garments, I suppose, for they never seem to buy any."

"Now you know you have plenty of customers, Mr. Apscombe. Why, even last evening, you know, when every other shop in the village was shut up, you were serving a customer. I was passing, and saw you."

Shurrocks was a regular Paul Pry, and as he spoke with evident curiosity (for no doubt the circumstance had seemed odd to him), I was not disposed to communicate particulars.

"Quite true," I replied. "Some one did by chance come in, though it was late. But any news, Mr. Shurrocks?—we all know you are the man for news. There is nothing in the village which can be hid from you."

Shurrocks bowed. He evidently took my sneer as a high compliment.

"True," he said, "they can't conceal much from *me*. They are seldom so foolish as to try. By-the-by, as I came along I saw Smith's little boy calling at the inn. I wonder what that can have been for? Very odd! However, I'll look in at Smith's as I go back. They'll readily tell me, or I shall quickly learn; put it which way you please. But I say, friend Apscombe, you ask me whether there's any news. Yes, there *is* news, very important news. What do you think of an awful murder and an appalling suicide, eh?"

"Mercy on me! you don't mean—"

"Well, it's not *quite* that, but something of that kind *might* have happened. You know Mr. Risdale, of Danes House, and all about his daughter, of course?"

"I am aware there is such a person as Mr. Risdale, of Danes House, but was not aware he had a daughter."

Shurrocks cast up his eyes, and looked as though he would faint.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, feebly. "And yet you are alive, Mr. Apscombe!"

"Well—yes—I believe so," I replied, smilingly. "Even the most brutish ignorance on vital points is not incompatible with existence, Mr. Shurrocks."

"Oh, forgive me," he said. "Only it seems so strange to *me*, you know. But never mind. This is the story. Mr. Risdale, who is a widower, has an only daughter. She, two years back, ran away from him and married without his consent. Now you *do* know this, I suppose—Risdale has an awful temper."

"So I have heard."

"I say, friend Apscombe." This in a most confidential tone.

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear any thing about the late Mrs. Risdale? Eh, now—don't be afraid to speak out. There's nobody here, you know."

"Bless me! what do you mean? No, I never heard any thing about her, except I think I recollect something relative to her going away and dying rather suddenly."

"Ah yes, that's what was *said;* but there were whispers—and even now, Apscombe" (we always ceased calling each other "Mr." after the interchange of a few sentences), "there ARE whispers—about the discovery—eh—of—eh—one frightful night it was—just such a night as last night—the very sort of night—eh—for such a discovery—eh—of bones—human bones—done up in brown paper—eh—and put in a drawer—eh!"

As, instead of growing pale at this ghastly revelation, I was hardened enough to smile broadly, Mr. Shurrocks, with a stern frown, proceeded—

"But no matter. Not a word has ever been uttered about this daughter until last night. Risdale was not a likely man to forgive, and his daughter, who was just like him in disposition, was not the woman to ask forgiveness. But last night, I am told on the highest authority" (I may as well say here, Shurrocks's authority I subsequently heard was the scullery-maid, who had gathered particulars from the cook, who was on very friendly terms with the footman), "there arrived at Danes House, quite late, a person dressed as a lady, who obtained access to Mr. Risdale on the plea that she came on most important business. This lady was with Mr. Risdale half an hour, during which loud talking was distinctly audible. Then the lady rushed from the room and from the house, and shortly afterward Mr. Risdale's bell rung; and on the footman answering it, his master ordered him, in a most furious tone, and a manner betraying the most overpowering excitement, to bring instantly—some brandy-and-water."

"Most wonderful! And then I suppose another marvel followed?"

"Eh! Why, what do you expect now?"

"Why, that when the brandy-and-water came, Mr. Risdale drank it."

"There, there, Apscombe, if you're going to turn the thing into ridicule, I've done;" and he took up his hat, offended.

"No, no, Shurrocks, never mind me; I'm all attention. Well?"

"Oh, I hardly know that I have any thing more to say, but—"

"Curious," I murmured, pondering the probability of my customer and Mr. Risdale's daughter being the same person.

"What's curious?" inquired Shurrocks, eagerly.

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes, but you must mean *something*. You thought of something. I don't want to learn what it was, *but I would rather hear.*"

"What is the lady's name, Shurrocks?"

"Santley."

"Thank you. That's all."

"All!"

"Nothing more."

"Good-morning, Mr. Apscombe;" and he took his hat; "this is not quite the way in which to treat a friend, Mr. Apscombe. It's not at all the way," opening the door. "But never mind. *I shall find out.*" And away he went, in a fume.

Directly he was gone I began to search diligently for the torn glove.

"It was Mrs. Santley who came here, of course," I said to myself, "and I should like to know the mystery of the glove, the loss of which made her so uneasy. The article was soon found, and inside it, pushed up toward the fingers, after the fashion of ladies, I discovered a portion of an old envelope, on one side of which were pencil memoranda of the times of railway trains, and on the other the following address: "Mrs. Julia Santley, Clarence Cottage, Marville." The mystery was now explained. Mrs. Santley, wishing her visit to remain a secret, was vexed at the loss of this piece of paper, which she had inadvertently left in the torn glove.

In the afternoon in came Shurrocks again. He had forgotten his displeasure. He was big with news. Mysteriously approaching me, he whispered hoarsely—

"He's raving mad, Sir."

"Mr. Risdale?"

"Yes, it's all out now. He has admitted that he behaved like a brute to his daughter last night. guess she's in distress or something of the sort, and came to ask help, and he tantamount to turned her out of the room. But Risdale is an old man now, between seventy and eighty, and a reaction has set in this morning, and he's horrified at the recollection of his conduct, and would give any thing to see her again; but she furnished no address, and no one has any notion where she lives. Yes, he's raving, Sir. Our two doctors are with him, and our rector and his curate; for Risdale is worth thirty thousand pounds at the least, and must not be neglected."

The information so much desired by the unhappy old gentleman I no doubt possessed through the torn glove; and when Shurrocks was gone I determined to see Mr. Risdale myself, so set out for Danes House. On my arrival there I found great excitement and confusion prevailing. I was flatly refused admission.

"You don't know what's happened, Mr. Apscombe," said the footman, a civil fellow, whom I knew slightly. "The body of Mr. Risdale's daughter has just been washed ashore and brought here. So you can guess master's not fit to see any one."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, in horror.

"There's just a chance of a mistake," continued the footman, for the face you may say is gone, it's been so knocked about that no one in the world could say who it was; but from the figure, and the dress too, agreeing with those of a lady who came last night, and now turns out to have been Mrs. Santley (but who gave no name, and suffered no one to see her face), none of us have any doubt about it. My master is certain of it, but the poor squire is quite beside himself, and hardly understands any thing."

"What is the idea, then?—that Mrs. Santley committed suicide?"

"No one knows. It seems that there was a sad to-do between her and her father, and as no one let her out we suppose she left in a passion. She neither said where she came from nor where she was going. Most likely she came by the railway, and going back there by the walk across the cliffs, a mad thing to do such a night, fell over."

"There must have been wrecks all along the coast," I remarked. "James, could you let me see the body? It is not curiosity. I have a good reason."

At first he refused, but ultimately consented, if he should find no one in the room. He left me for a minute, and then returning, beckoned.

I followed him into a darkened bedchamber, and there—*it was.*

Yes, they were right. Figure and dress were the same. The features were all but obliterated, the entire face having received a crushing blow. But you will readily guess where, after taking in these main particulars, my eyes traveled. *Gloves* were on the hands. I eagerly turned one down. I was satisfied. They were not my gloves. The corpse was not that of Mrs. Santley.

I was wrong in what followed. Yet I acted to the best of my judgment. If I had at once revealed my discovery a great trouble might have been averted. Even now, after the lapse of several years, I sorrow at the determination I formed at that time. But we are poor, short-sighted mortals, all.

I hurried away. I resolved to say nothing, but to immediately set out for Marville, a place about twenty miles distant. The railway—for poor place as Little Matseys then was, yet, as it lay in the route between two large towns, it possessed a railway station—would soon take me there. I would find out Mrs. Santley, and bring her back myself.

My project was soon carried out, and very quickly I was at Marville. (You need not tell me, good friend reader, that among all the places on the west coast neither Little Matseys nor Marville is to be found. It will not injure the interest of my narrative, such as it is, if for a sufficient reason I christen the two places specially.) I soon found Clarence Cottage, and Mrs. Santley was at home.

A few glances convinced me of the state of things. Clarence Cottage was a poor place, and the door-knocker was thickly muffled. Yes, as usual, there was the combination of poverty and sickness. In our interview Mrs. Santley owned it. Having told her my mission, she at once said it was she who, very sad and troubled at a long and serious illness which had befallen her husband, had, after two years' silence, resolved to ask her father's forgiveness; and, goaded by a violent access of her husband's disorder which had come on the preceding afternoon, had made her journey without further delay to Little Matseys, careless of wind and weather. Of her failure in her object I had already heard.

"And now, Mrs. Santley, there is not a moment to lose. Will you explain to Mr. Santley, and then accompany me to Little Matseys?"

She rather drew back at first, but when I urged upon her the condition in which I left her father, and my assurance, not only of her being heartily welcomed, but that probably her immediate appearance alone would save his life, she consented, and, with her husband's sanction, departed with me.

It was quite evening, and the weather, though not so boisterous as it had been the previous evening, was very bad. My companion and I were rejoiced as we neared our destination. We reached the last station before Little Matseys. Here we seemed to stop a long while, and something evidently was wrong. Presently it transpired that an accident had occurred to a train on the down line, coming from Little Matseys, and we were informed that we could proceed no farther.

"Is it a bad accident?" I inquired, with some anxiety, of the station-master.

"I am afraid it is—very," was the reply; "but it has only just happened, and all is confusion. But here come some of the poor sufferers."

As he spoke a ghastly spectacle came in view. Lighted by torch-bearers, there approached along the line four or five parties carrying stretchers. The waiting-room of the station had been roughly made ready to receive them, and all the doctors in the place were in attendance. The passengers who had just alighted huddled together in the booking office.

"Two dead, I am told," was whispered.

"And several injured."

Suddenly I caught sight of one of my neighbors at Little Matseys.

"What! you were in this unfortunate train, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, and I am thankful to say uninjured; but there's a sad sight in there, Mr. Apscombe. You heard, I dare say, of some fuss there was in Little Matseys this morning?"

"Come aside for a moment," I said, and he complied.

"With reference to Mr. Risdale and the supposed death of his daughter, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, inquiry was made at the railway station, which led to the conclusion that the body discovered was not that of Mrs. Santley after all, for that Mrs. Santley had left by train the previous evening for Marville. No sooner was this communicated to the old squire than he jumped up and declared he would go to Marville by the next train; and he started, but—"

"I can guess. It was the train which met with the accident, and—"

"Poor Mr. Risdale is in that room either dying or dead. I saw him dug out from under a carriage."

Oh my miserable folly! But for my absurd reticence this, in all likelihood, would not have happened. I might have calmed the poor old gentleman with the full particulars which I could have given. His daughter might have been sent for, and—

But regrets were useless. I had to tell the dismal tale to my companion, and presently I stood with her beside her almost expiring parent.

Thankful, however, am I to say that Mr. Risdale, though frightfully injured, rallied sufficiently to be taken home, and lived some days. But they were days well employed, days in which returned affection, again and again expressed, effaced from his daughter's mind all recollection of previous unkindness.

All Mr. Risdale's property, which before his reconciliation with his daughter he had left to a distant relative, was bequeathed to Mrs. Santley. She and her husband soon came to reside at Danes House, and very good friends have they been to me. I am still at Little Matseys, which is now become a place of some importance. My business flourishes, and I am making money. But here comes somebody to interrupt me as I draw this brief record to a close. It is past usual business hours. Who can it be?

"Good-evening, Apscombe, good-evening. Eh, busy writing! And several pages too! Bless me! turned author, I suppose. Yet it's no concern of mine; and my motto is, 'Let every body mind his own business and not interfere with other people's.' However, you may as well tell me, Apscombe, what *is* it all about? What! you *won't!* Good-night, Mr. Apscombe; when next I— Pshaw! never mind, it isn't worth a word, because of course I shall *find out*."

You, reader, *have* found out who *that* is.

THE ELIXIR OF SPRING.

Not in the bloom and music
  That haunt the south wind's breath,
For the bloom may fade at midnight,
  And the music be stilled in death;
Not in the bursting fragrance
  Of leaf, or bud, or flower,
For their beauty may be nipped and chilled
  By the frost of a single hour;

But in my darling's heart,
  Nestled in sunlight there,
Spring's spirit dwells apart
  From Heaven and earth and air!
Purer than vernal fragrance,
  Brighter than vernal skies—
In my darling's truth and beauty
  There's spring that never dies!

MY FIRST PATIENT.

A "SENSATION" STORY.

I am sitting in my consulting-room in a dingy house in a dingy street. The neighborhood is fashionable, being in the immediate vicinity of a mews, and having a strong odor of straw and stabling about it. My consulting-room is so called, *lucus a non lucendo*, because no one has yet thought fit to consult me in it—that is, no one to speak of, because an elderly female did once plunge into my apartment with her little boy, who had overeaten himself, alleging that the unhappy cub "had overbalanced his heart, poor dear," a diagnosis which did not seem familiar, and for a time perplexed me.

I am a surgeon, and have been two years a qualified practitioner. But as yet, save the elderly lady referred to, I have had no patient. Yet my door-lamp is the brightest, and burns the bluest of any in the neighborhood. My brass-plate is the largest and the brassiest. I have been called out of church on an average four times every Sunday; the policeman regularly hammers at my door, in a manner to disturb the whole street, in the smaller hours of the night; paragraphs in the *Piccadilly Peeper*, the local organ of the district, have regularly set forth the imaginary accidents that I have attended with my usual "promptitude and kindliness of heart;" but it has been all to no purpose. I am ready to bleed for my country, but my country will not be bled. My practice in anatomy is still confined to the dissection of my daily mutton chop; and in despair I had given pills to all my servants, including my boy in buttons, till they struck for board wages, with an increase contingent on the consumption of draughts and powders; and I had serious thoughts of taking some of my own medicine myself. My last card failed. A case of medals and a prize cup, with an inscription, "For Proficiency in Pathology," placed within full view of the open window, only tempted thieves and not patients; and a policeman called to suggest that I was not to be so lavish of my plate. Poor fellow! he little knew all were dummies. I had written paragraphs in the *Lancet* on "Hydrocephalus" and "Asphyxia," and had even serious thoughts of writing a book, and was one evening sitting solitary in my room, musing on the bitterness of sublunary things, especially of aloes and other drastics, when a rap came at the door. A dun, by Jove!—a tax-gatherer, the true Propontic which never ebbs, I thought. I listened; a lady's voice! The rascal Jack had opened the front-door at once, as if he knew it was a dun, and a moment after appeared, grinning: "A patient, Sir." "A what?" I said, half beside myself. "A lady, Sir! —silk dress!"

I thrust the novel I had been reading—"The Three Spasms"—under the sofa, straightened my hair, opened my lancet-case, and, after waiting the customary professional time which tradition has established—to convince a patient of the pressure of one's engagements—my first patient was ushered in. She was closely veiled, *petite* rather than tall, young, graceful, ladylike—I was prepared to take an affidavit on all these points before the President of the College of Surgeons, if need had been—and I saw at once, to my sorrow, that, in the exigencies of my profession, a powder or a saline mixture, a pill night and morning, with a draught at bed-time, was the utmost I could hope.

When seated, a voice, sweet and melodious—I have Shakspeare's notion about musical voice—said, "You will perhaps be surprised at my calling on you alone?"

I was, indeed; but gracefully conveying that a multitude of beautiful patients in waiting was the normal routine of my daily experience, the fair patient continued:

"I have called on you on a matter of the most imminent importance."

I breathed again.

"I have the happiness and good fortune to be married to one of the best husbands in the world. He is seriously ill—I fear dangerously; the medical man we have engaged is unremitting in his attentions, but he seems as much as ourselves in the dark as to the nature of the complaint, and indeed, seems so far overwhelmed with the character and severity of the malady as to be unable to cope with it. I have consulted my own fears rather than his wishes, and have come to you, thinking additional advice would be an advantage. I am a stranger in London—a stranger, without any friends save my husband's family; and I had the grievous misfortune to be married without the consent of his relatives, who are bitterly arrayed against me; and I am sure from no fault or occasion of mine." This was said with an air of the most tender and pathetic simplicity; and, as if to convince me of the fact—she had been hitherto sitting closely veiled—she, with the most natural and graceful action in the world, lifted her veil.

I am not superstitious, nor imaginative; but I was startled. I had, as I have already said, been reading "The Three Spasms," and here was the heroine of the book. Here was a lady, quite as beautiful, quite as *petite*, quite as young, with the same identical "feathery" flaxen curls, the same melting blue eyes, the same tiny mouth, the same quiet and subdued manner and sweet voice. I involuntarily drew back: here was clearly a criminal, a poisoner, a bigamist—all great criminals are pretty in modern novels. I felt agitated; and my fears were not calmed, when, in the most natural tone in the world, she suggested that I should accompany her in her carriage which was waiting to her house.

I ventured to ask the symptoms of my future patient. The lady explained—"tongue parched, eyes red, partial paralysis of the extremities, excessive nervous irritability."

I saw it at a glance—chronic arsenical poisoning of the worst. I suggested, "the irritability accompanied by prostration, with impaired respiration." And, as I expected, the answers were affirmative. I saw at once—poisoning by arsenic. I, said I to myself, am called in to lull suspicions when it is too late. Yes, it is too true. Here is another beautiful demon—here is the same perfect form, the same grace, the same tender, roseate color, the same shower of radiant curls. She is very beautiful; and by all the experience set forth in that *mirror of life*, the modern novel, she is about to become guilty of murder or arson at least.

The carriage stopped at a handsome house in a handsome square in the suburbs. I found the patient asleep. My worst suspicions were realized—fever, exfoliation of the cuticle of the tongue, the membrane of the eyes red. I made my resolve at once—I will expose the machinations of this vile creature, unmask this villainy, defeat the committal of this horrid crime. But how? "Madam," I said, with promptitude, "this is a serious case—a very serious case. I must watch your husband—I will stay here to-night." Awed by my manner, and perhaps alarmed by the evidence of my suspicions, she consented. My resolve was fixed—I would watch; and I saw in imagination a *cause célèbre*—a trial at the Old Bailey or in Westminster Hall—my name and fame established forever. The thought was perhaps selfish; but criminals must be punished, and Justice must have its course.

I had read in a French book once how a great criminal was detected in the act of murdering his master by a mirror—that the person watching had seen the reflection of the assassin stifling the cries of his victim with a pillow. I determined to set my trap by the same means.

I placed the mirror in such a way as to command the head of the bed; and having, with the consent of the patient, who seemed passive in the hands of his fiendish wife—strange fatuity—made the necessary dispositions for my watch, I placed myself in an arm-chair. I sat for some time musing on the terrible effects of the poisoning by small doses, administered by a cunning hand. I saw in imagination the cruel and relentless assassin stealthily encroaching, as a serpent envelops its victim in its folds, day by day, on the life and strength of the sufferer obnoxious to its designs. I thought of the terrible sufferings—the protracted agony—the gradual prostration of the victim—the gloating cruelty of the poisoner, as hour by hour she watched and measured the fading strength of her prey, and thinking thus—I suppose I fell asleep.

I was awoke suddenly by the door opening stealthily, noiselessly. Ah! it is true—my worst suspicions were realized. I did not move. A figure clad in a loose dress entered. The looking-glass before me covered the head of the bed; the figure fell within its angle of incidence. I saw at once it was the guilty wife. She still noiselessly moved toward the head of the bed. She addressed some remark to her victim. He was awake; and I then saw her take from a table close by a tumbler and a vase of antique form, from which, still noiselessly, she poured a draught. I saw it all in an instant—the looking-glass revealed every movement. She raised the goblet—the unhappy husband raised himself on his elbow. He was about to drink.

"Stay, demon!" I said, in a voice of thunder, addressing the lady; "would you poison your husband? Stay—drink not of the accursed draught—it is poison!" The lady gave a shriek, and the glass fell upon the floor.

I seized the vase containing the fluid. I examined and tasted. It was—toast and water!

I received my *congé* next morning from a brother practitioner. The patient was an M.P., engaged—from his popular manners, a taste for literature, and philanthropy—as perpetual chairman to public dinners in the whitebait season, particularly those held at Greenwich. He was suffering from biliousness and indigestion, caused by his ministerial duties in this respect. His young wife, with a perhaps pardonable anxiety, had overrated the severity of his complaint, and I had been misled by novels into believing that pretty women are generally demons. *I am wiser now;* but this was my first and last patient.

Moral.—Do not accept spasmodic pictures in morbid fiction as the reflection of nature. Don't take what you see in a looking-glass to be a fact, or more than partial evidence of the truth and worth of any thing; and don't take it for granted that women are wicked because they are pretty.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A bonnet without a face is like the grand-stand without a race.

Novel Economy.—A new system of economy is related to have been discovered by a *savant* of the Jockey Club. He noticed a poor man with a wooden leg one day walking past his hotel, and gave him a franc. The next day he saw the supposed beggar, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left leg. Enraged at the deception, he went up to the man, and exclaimed, "You rascal, you had the wooden leg on the other leg yesterday! You are not lame at all!" "Monsieur," was the response, with dignity, "I never said I was. I wear a wooden leg for economy, so as not to wear out my trowsers, and I change the leg to prevent one leg of the trowsers wearing out before the other."

A purse without money is like the comb without the honey.

The Paris papers have an anecdote of two well-known French actors who traveled last autumn in Scotland. They put up at a miserable inn for the night, *faute de mieux*, where the use of soap was clearly not the custom of that part of the country, and the sandy-headed waiter's hair was a thing of entanglement and zoologically inclined. The evening dinner was brought in by this uncanny Scot, and consisted of roast beef and plum-pudding. F—— caught sight of the waiter outside with the dish in one hand and brushing his hair with the other over the beef, to present himself in the most Adonis-like form. F—— was horror-struck, but said naught, and left D—— to the full enjoyment of the meat, believing what his eye had not seen his heart would not grieve about, and F—— made his dinner entirely off the pudding. D—— having dined went to smoke and speak to the landlady. He found her in the kitchen, but, coming suddenly upon her, saw her snatch up a cotton night-cap. The proof of the purpose to which it had been applied was clear. He accused her of it. She confessed the pudding had been boiled in it, having nothing handier, and that it belonged to Sandy. Mutual explanations ensued between F—— and D——, and one has not been able to keep the secret from his Parisian friends. Scotland may not see the joke of it, if *ben trovato* or if it is true.

The New York ladies are dyeing at a fearful rate. Red hair is the object.

Geese, dull as they are, imitate men. Notice, that if one of the flock drinks, the rest follow.

What breed of sheep does the ram *Stonewall* belong to? —Why, the marine-o, of course.

To Let.—The Town of Nassau, in the Island of New Providence, formerly occupied by the late firm of Bull & Davis as a blockade-running port. It would make an excellent dumping-place for the offal of New York. Will be let low, the late occupants retiring from business. Inquire of Palmerston & Russell, Downing Street, London, agents for Mrs. Victoria Guelph.

The Worst Lock Out.—Wed-lock. Oh, you naughty bachelor!

Who's Banting?—No-body.

Astronomical.—We are enabled to state positively that all the jokes relating to crinoline are *not* used up. For instance: Why do ladies wear such extraordinary things as crinoline?—Because all the heavenly bodies move in eccentric circles.

No Doubt of It.—As one of our deputy-sheriffs, a day or two since, was speaking of taking a man to prison, he said he would much rather take a lady. "What, take a lady to jail?" said one of the company. "Oh no, not take her to jail," replied the man. "But," a lady quickly rejoined, "you would have been glad to have taken one to *court*."

For Small Housekeepers.—Life without a groan is like meat without a bone.

A Joke without salt (Attic) is like beer without malt.

Dan. "Joe, what drink do the rebels dislike very much?"
Joe. "I don't know, Dan."
Dan. "Don't you know? Why, mead" (Gen. Meade).
Joe. "Well now what other drink do they dislike?"
Dan. "I can't guess."
Joe. "Why, Sherry, Dan" (Sheridan).

An 'airy Situation.—A barber's.

Stern Chasers.—The "Arms" of the Law.

Many a young man would like to be Neptune, just to have such a number of smacks upon his face.

PROVERBS MADE LITERAL.

It's a long lane which takes you three hours and a half to get to the end of.
The early bird is generally wide awake.
A wise child knows its alphabet.
A virtuous woman is a useful commodity.
Look before you swear you see something.
There are two sides to every ham sandwich.
Early to bed and early to rise is all very well in theory, but it won't do in practice.

Heaving.—Sambo, giving an account of his sea-voyage, says: "All de passengers was now heavin', and as if that wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave to, and she did heave, too."

A rather amusing *contretemps* occurred a few Sundays ago at a country church near one of the largest towns in Lancashire. The incumbent, anxious to raise funds for some repairs to the church, and having but a modest opinion of his own powers as a "pickpocket," and being also unable to secure the services of his clerical neighbors, thought he would write his appeal, get it printed, and placed in the pews on the following Sunday. He sent his copy to the printer's, and told the sexton to get the bills on Saturday night, and to place them in the pews. On Saturday night the sexton sent his son to the printer's office, where no one but the "devil" of the establishment was present. This youth handed a bundle of bills to the sexton's son, by whom they were duly distributed in the pews. The astonishment of the congregation and the horror of the clergyman the next morning on finding every pew in the church contained copies of an announcement of the entertainments at the local Assembly Rooms of a clever Sambo singer, and the fun during the ensuing week may be "better imagined than described." The whole affair was literally the work of the "devil," who carelessly gave the youthful sexton the bills of the black entertainer in place of those of the parson.

The Force of Example.—It is said that the majority of the literary members of the Garrick will, by retiring, "play the Dickens" with that club.

Bones of Contention.—Knuckle and Jaw.

A woman's grief is very short. If she loses her husband she pines only for *a second*.

A blind man, like a newspaper, needs a leading article.

Nautical Mourning.—Sea-weeds.

A Witty Auctioneer.—A gentleman having bought a table at an auction did not, as he ought to have done, come to fetch it away. The auctioneer pronounced him to be the most *un-com-for-table* man he ever sold any thing to.

A few days preceding Curran's death he made a joke of the very illness with which he was suffering. His physician, calling one morning, observed that he (Curran) coughed very badly. "That is very strange," said he, "for I have been practicing all night."

A Suggestion.—Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried.

Even a pig on the spit has the consolation of thinking that things may take a turn.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never *saw* it.

The voyage from Ireland here is a long one, but it seems easy enough to a Bridget (abridge it).

Employment for Women.—Matchmaking.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

A hundred and one by fifty divide,
And next let a cipher be duly applied;
And if the result you should rightly divide,
You will find that the whole makes but one out of nine.
CI, CLI, CLIO (Clio, one of the nine Muses).

What moral sentence does a weather-cock suggest?
It is a vain (vane) thing to aspire (a spire).

What is most like a cock-robin (cock robbing)?
A hen stealing.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

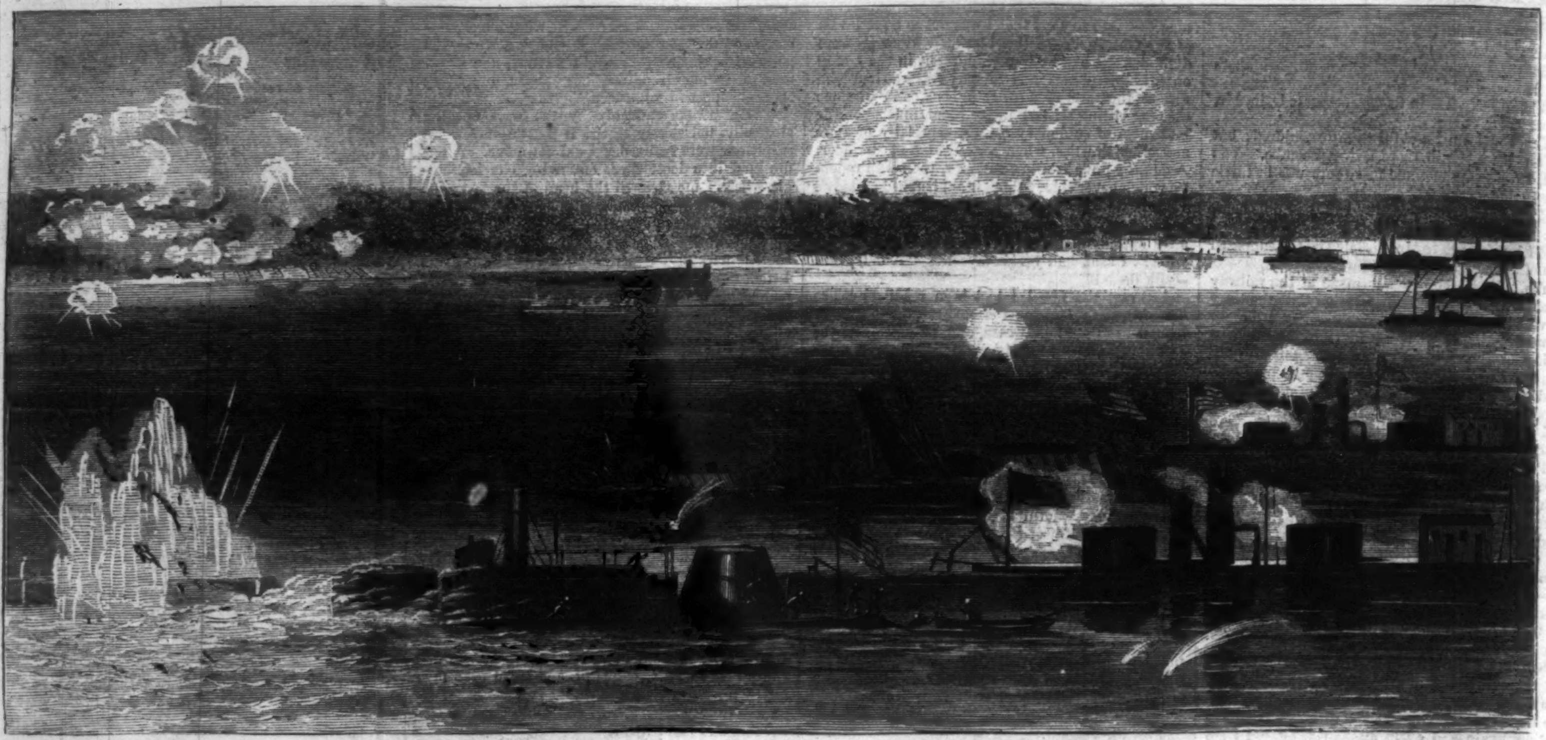
The latest novelty worthy of remark among the *Modes Parisiennes* is the introduction of a new style of dress, shown upon two of the figures in our illustration on page 269; but the dresses must be seen and examined to be thoroughly understood, as they may be said to be wardrobes in themselves—the same garment being capable of presenting two, or even three, different aspects. The dresses depicted in our engraving are readily transformed by folding lappets, buttoned or looped according to the formation of the pattern. The first figure is a simple design on the body and skirt, merely to explain the principle; the second figure is the complete transformation of an almost plain dress into one of ample style and effect. The variety of application of this happy idea is endless; a walking dress may in a few instants be converted into a dinner dress, and *vice versa*, and thus save considerable time and trouble by avoiding the inconvenience of re-dressing. It is not necessarily much more expensive than an ordinary dress; and, when the advantages of a double or triple robe are taken into consideration, it is reasonable to suppose that the innovation will be well patronized. Although we have only signalized the invention as applied to dresses which we have seen and admired in Paris, it is susceptible of application to mantles and other garments, for which the fashion of the day encourages originality and variety of design rather than the adoption of a special taste.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

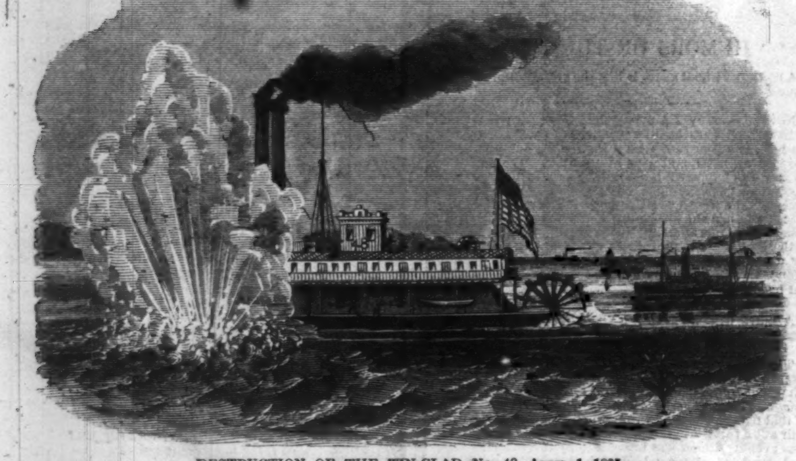
Fig. 1. *Morning Dress.*—A simple light-gray foulard robe, with violet lappets on the body and skirt. These violet lappets may be either fastened down or remain open, as indicated in the illustration by way of explanation. Of course, in wear the lappets would be either all open or all closed. The few ornaments on this dress are of white steel.

Fig. 2. *Dinner Dress and Walking Dress.*—The dinner dress here depicted is the handsome transformation of a plain but elegant gray poult de soie walking dress, ornamented with jet buttons and narrow black lace. The dinner dress is of the same material, but provided with a blue ground and gray stripes down the front of the corsage and skirt when the lappets are opened. The black jet buttons on the walking dress serve to ornament and fasten back the lappets in question, which thus give an entirely new aspect to this robe when required for wear in the dining-room.

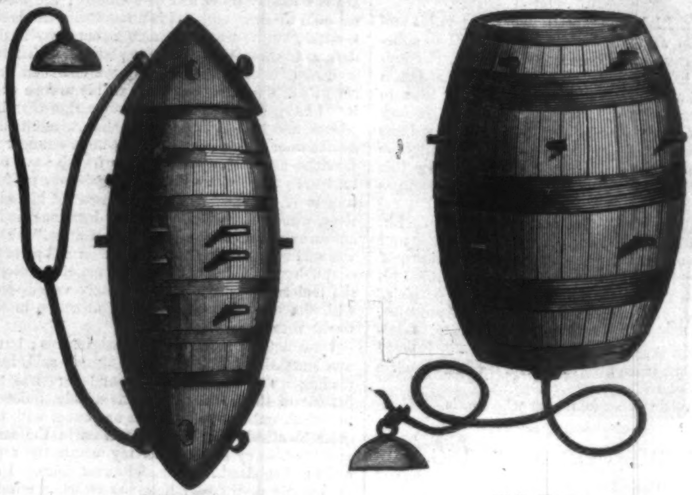
Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Ample training rose-colored silk under-skirt, edged with ruching. The tunic is of a paler-colored muslin, apparently looped up by long bands of ribbon commencing at the waist and terminating with bows and ends. The corsage is *décolleté*, and ornamented with a bertha composed of muslin and lace. The coiffure is arranged in the latest style, the hair being rolled in front and curled behind, with an abundance of ringlets fastened by a golden comb.


Spanish Fort.
The Ram "Osage" sinking.
Wreck of the "Milwaukee."

THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—WRECK OF THE "OSAGE" AND THE MONITOR "MILWAUKEE."



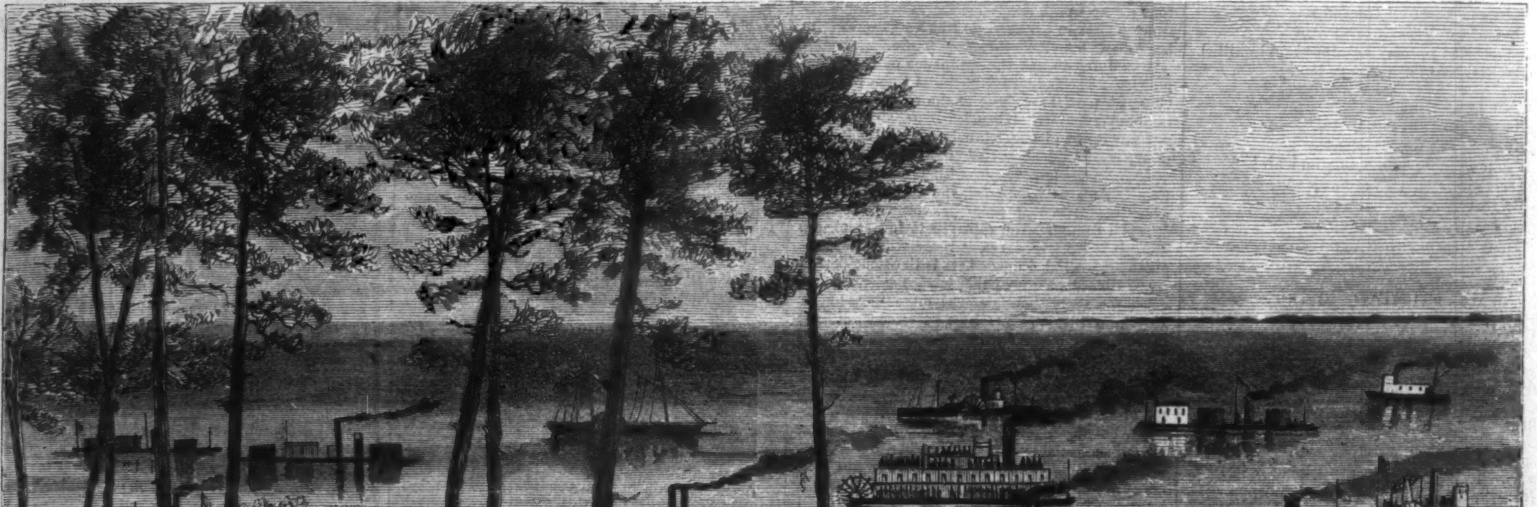
DESTRUCTION OF THE TIN-CLAD No. 48, April 1, 1865.



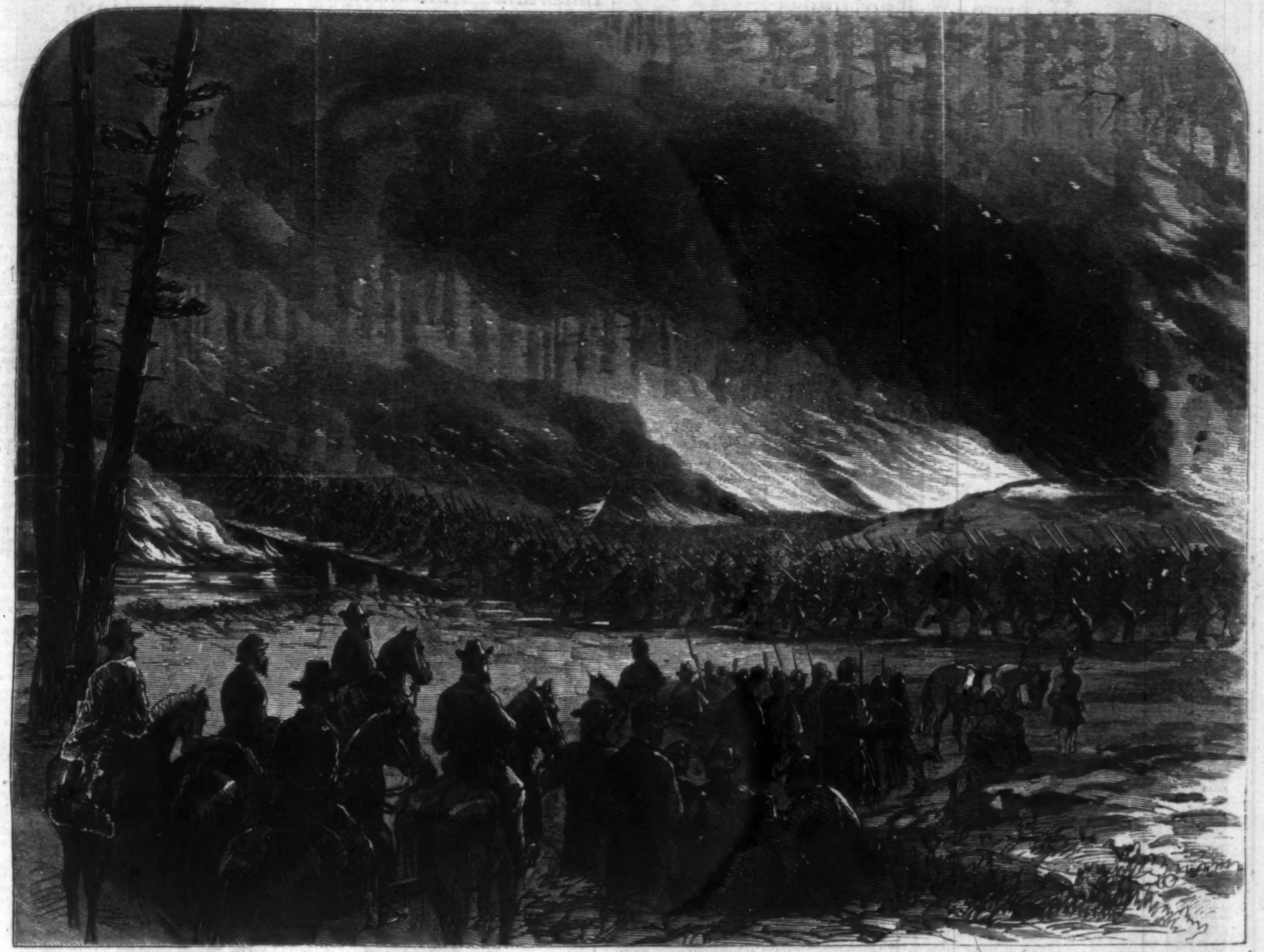
60-lb. Charge.

100-lb. Charge.

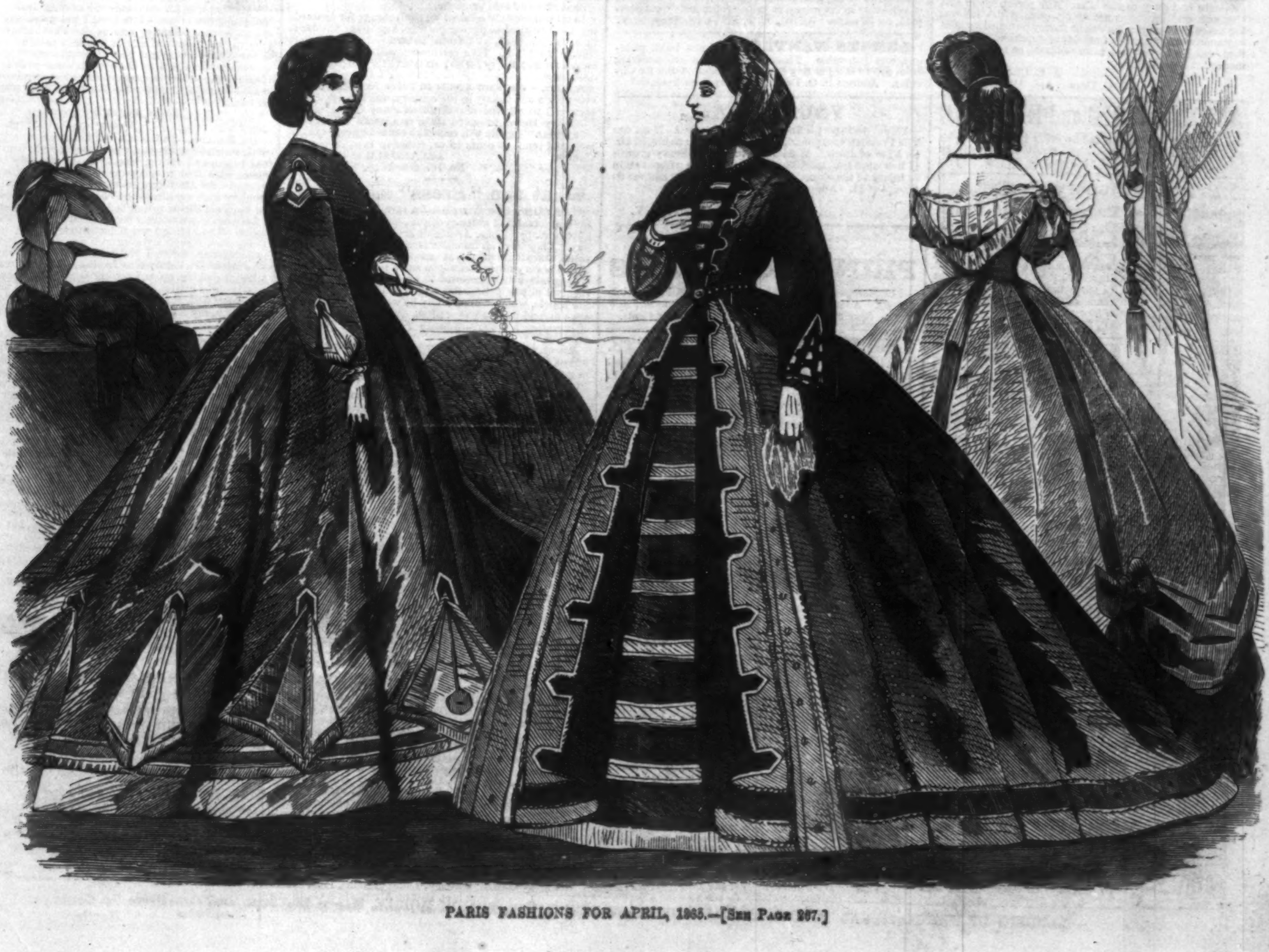
MUSHROOM ANCHOR TORPEDOES.



LANDING OF THE NATIONAL FORCES AT THE MOUTH OF FISH RIVER, BELOW MOBILE, March 23d, 24th, and 28th, 1865.



SHERMAN'S ARMY—THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE FOURTEENTH CORPS CROSSING JUNIPER CREEK, March 9, 1865.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1865.—[See Page 267.]

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10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 “	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 “	15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4 “	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 “	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 “	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 “	25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 “	15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 “	10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution,* subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.,* say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

Dr. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound,* have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound.* This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and *every one* using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound.* During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery,* the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound,* in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes,* prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound.* It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT.

BRADFORD, N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND,—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint.* For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT.

BRADFORD, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, ad rtised at length in our columns, is not only as to its nam nviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. I and, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know m—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefull many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery. —*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D.,
Proprietor,

Will be manufactured in future at the
NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.
Under the supervision of
REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.

Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

U.S.7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profits on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and Municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One Cent per Day	**on a**		**$50**	**Note.**
Two Cents	"	"	**$100**	"
Ten	"	"	**$500**	"
20	"	"	**$1000**	"
1 Dollar	"	"	**$5000**	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than 300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, *Philadelphia.*

March 25, 1865.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. COLONEL in place of King, GODDESS OF LIBERTY for Queen, and MAJOR for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Pens, 50c. to $2; in silver ext. cases, $1 to $3, sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer, 64 Nassau Street, New York. Also Fountain Pen.

Brandreth's Pills,

Which are known to be the most reliable purgative, while they are harmless for the tenderest age or weakest frame. In full doses, most active and searching in their operation, diving into the inmost recesses of the body, carrying all impurities to the bowels, from whence they are expelled, thus curing the most life-threatening diseases, and over a hundred years experience has proved their innocence as well as their strength to restore health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

PRICES REDUCED.

Gold,
Opaque,
White,
Green and
Blue
Holland.
Bray's
Patent
Fixtures,
and all
other
approved
styles.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
359 Broadway, N. Y.

Window Shades.

New Styles,
1865.
Swiss Lace,
Nottingham
Lace,
Leno Lace,
Muslin,
Brocatel,
Reps,
Terry Cloth,
Japanese Cloth,
Damask,
Cornices,
and all other
Trimmings.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
359 Broadway, N. Y.

CURTAINS.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Look here, Boys! My Golden Compound will force a beautiful set of whiskers to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days, or money refunded in every case. Price One Dollar, or 3 packages for Two Dollars, by mail. Address DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Illinois.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER is a preventive of sickness.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last 25 years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER, designed for all classes,

Old and Young. It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person a year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will

Save Millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength, and give

Vigor and Action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire

Preventive to Sickness in his case. Also another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

This Wonderful Preparation will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds—Billous Colic, Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc.—its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician, used it with great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhœa, Colic, Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Enfeebled Digestion, Want of Appetite, Scrofula, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. It never fails to relieve Nervous Tremor, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American ladies have used this article with great success to heighten their color and beauty.

It imparts a cheerfulness to the disposition, and brilliancy to the complexion.

To travelers, especially, it is of inestimable value, and should be provided as a medicine for every journey in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency.

Persons residing in any part of the country may adopt it with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious restorative.

PRICES:
TEN DOLLARS PER BOTTLE CONTAINING ONE GALLON.
THREE DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL QUART).
TWO DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL PINT).
ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE (FULL HALF-PINT).

One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. For sale every where. One ounce sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents postage.

I have donated $1500 worth of the above article to the "Northwestern Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home Fair," which opens May 30th, to be sold for the benefit of the Soldiers. B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES OF *Harper's Weekly,*

From the commencement, will be furnished, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

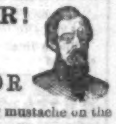
Each Volume contains One Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

O'DOR! O'DOR!

DR. BRIGGS'S

GOLDEN O'DOR



Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or mustache on the smoothest face from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald head in eight weeks (AND NO HUMBUG). I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send Dr. Briggs's Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post paid, $1 25 (Warranted). Send orders to DR. C. BRIGGS,
Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

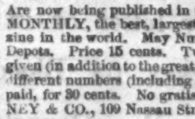
PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

Beard! Beard! While attached to the British Legation at Constantinople I obtained from a Turkish chemist a composition for producing a luxuriant beard in from 5 to 8 weeks. I have made large sales of the Compound in England and France, and am now introducing it in America. Send $1 and get a package. It is no humbug, and if not satisfactory, the price will be refunded. Address
F. COOK, Chemist, Lansingburg, N. Y.

BASHFULNESS. How to overcome it. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Jan. No., 20 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

A Series of $100 Prize Puzzles

Are now being published in the popular MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY, the best, largest, and cheapest Comic Magazine in the world. May Number now ready at all News Depots. Price 15 cents. Twenty extra cash prizes are given (in addition to the great $100 one) this month. Three different numbers (including the last), as specimens, postpaid, for 30 cents. No gratis copies. Address J. C. HANEY & CO., 109 Nassau Street, New York.

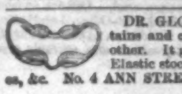


Make this figure with three strokes of the pencil, without erasing any lines or going over any twice. See solution in MERRYMAN. Soldiers, send 30 cents for three numbers, postpaid. The most popular periodical in the army.

Howard's "Improved"

SWEAT-PROOF Soldier's Money-Belt.

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by enclosing $2 50 or $3 00, according to the quality desired. Improved English knee Money Belt, for soldiers and sailors, $1 50 and $2. Large discount to dealers. HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.



DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands, and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's HANDSOME VEST CHAIN and a beautiful MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET, to match, with Double Cases, Box, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT, and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap. *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers* of the BRITISH ARMY, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1856.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz:

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER. ☜

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz. about

100 Major-Generals,	100 Lieut. Colonels,	550 Statesmen,
200 Brig.-Generals,	250 Other Officers,	130 Divines
275 Colonels,	75 Navy Officers,	125 Authors,
40 Artists,	125 Stage,	50 Prominent Women,

3,000 Copies of Works of Art.

including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of $1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

Soldiers' Pocket Albums for 18 Pictures, 75 cents.
24 Pictures, $1 00.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in no case can they get *less* than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.
P.O., Drawer 12.

Whiskers! Mustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA COMPOUND is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English patent article, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, post paid, for $1. Address Dr. H. DE FORREST, Albany, New York.

LADIES' LETTER.

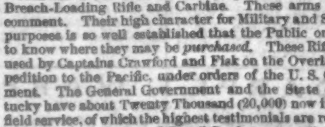
Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Informartion never before published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for Ten Cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S

Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Belt* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Colt's Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 6 inch).

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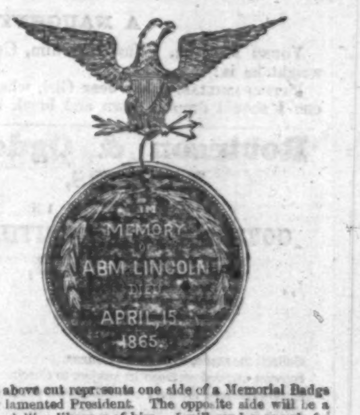

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